UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA000 081 744 5

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/wanderingminstre00howeiala

THE

WANDERING MINSTREL,

A COLLECTION OF

ORIGINAL POEMS;

CONSISTING OF

Village Rambles,

THE CONVICT'S APPEAL, NORWOOD, &c. &c.

By Samuel Howell

Led by choice,———
Beneath death's gloomy, silent cypress shade,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray,
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs,—
YOUNG.

Lo! he appeals to Nature.— AKENSIDE.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD BY MR. JAMES ASPERNE, CORNHILL.

1820

Printed by W. SMITH, King Street, Long Acre.

PR
4809
H1944 w

REFERENCE.

VILLAGE RAMBLES.

		PAGE
CANTO I.	The Church Yard	1
II.	Evidences of a Supreme Being	25
	Morning Hymn	30
	The Vicarage	33
	Hymn for the Choir	36
	The Poor House	37
	Ode to Poverty	41
III.	The School House	44
	The Blind Beggar's Petition	48
	Jealousy	53
	The Maniac	56
	Conclusion	60
The Grave; written in Broxbourne Church Yard		62
Stanzas, in a Country Church Yard		65
The Convict's Appeal		71
Diappointment		81
Resignation		82
Friendship		85
The Soldier's Grave		88
On the Vanity of Earthly Pursuits		89
The Trespass of Achan		91
Stanzas on the Death of his late Majesty		92
Elegiac Stanzas on the Death of an amiable Young Lady		95
Attempted Imitation of Thomas Moore, Esq.		96
Stanzas (a Fragment)		98
Norwood		110

VILLAGE RAMBLES.

Canto the First.

THE CHURCH YARD.*

TO this sequester'd spot in evening hour,
Sacred to sober Contemplation's pow'r;
Come sighing Elegy, whose numbers flow
In mournful concord with the notes of woe;
Come vivid Fancy, with creative art,
And to her pencil thy warm tints impart;
Come Truth, on snowy wing, to whom belong
To chasten Fancy, and improve the song:
Come sainted Feeling, with thy ready tear,
For Death's pale banner waves triumphant here.

* The reader may possibly recognize in this description Chingford Church and its vicinity.

The Church Yard.

While these associates in union reign,
With solemn awe approach the sacred fane,
O'er whose grey walls the creeping ivy strays,
And for support with grateful shelter pays;
Draws a close curtain o'er the spoils of age,
To hide and soften its relentless rage,
Which as repentant of the evil done,
Wreathes the green cincture round the mould'ring stone
Save where the crumbling battlements appear,
And vegetation fails it's shield to rear;
Or where projecting buttresses reveal,
(Which from beneath the dark luxuriance steal,)
The wreck of years the mantling herb would veil,
And with their moss-grown slopes confess the tale.
Within the porch, whose arches fring'd with green,
Open a pointed vista to the scene,
(While congregating glooms eclipse the light,
To foil the starry gems which spangle night,
And while the passing breezes gently sigh,
As thro' the rustling foliage they fly,
And wake the tenant bird whose screaming tone,
Forms a sad requiem o'er each urning stone;)
We'll musing sit, to Fancy give the rein,
And sketch the precincts of the holy fane.

The Church Yard.

There, where yon' venerable branches spread
Their leafy shelter o'er the sleeping dead,
In marbled pomp, beneath the verdant shade,
The rich, the gay Lothario's silent laid;
Self his lov'd idol, pleasure all his aim;
Vainly to him Affliction urg'd her claim;
For self devoted, all his affluence buys
Is this *memento mori*—"here he lies!"
High swells the hireling monumental lay,
In equal ratio with the means to pay,
Gilds with vain lies his life's departed scene,
A hint sarcastic what it might have been.

Trace his last moments, rack'd with fear and pain,
Conscience—remorse and anguish in her train—
Tho' on him liv'ried mercenaries wait,
In splendid mock'ry of his awful state:
No weeping pensioners around him stand,
But morbid fancy substitutes a band
Of grisly forms,—his straining eyes behold,
Phrensied he shrieks and offers all his gold;
Vain bribe! not gold, with boasted magic pow'r,
Can purchase dispensation from this hour;

The Church Yard.

Beyond deep horrors, deeper still prevail,—
But hush! no more—frail mortal draw the veil.

Far otherwise beneath the turf reclin'd,
Rests Altamont, the gen'rous, just, refin'd,
Whose wide munificence still kept him poor,
Nor censur'd fortune that she gave no more;
For prone and prompt to fly at sorrow's call,
His heart embrac'd, reliev'd the wants of all;
And were her gifts to such a heart assign'd,
The charm would fail which designates her blind.

See on the bed of pain, afflicted laid,
The dying Christian, cheerful, undismay'd;
The past a retrospective pleasure lends,
His future views a lively hope attends:
Thro' the dark veil of flesh now half withdrawn,
Heav'n's opening glories on his prospects dawn;
With grateful piety a groupe attend,
To smooth his couch, and cheer their dying friend;
On them he casts a parting fond regard,
Then turns to Heav'n, his sure, his high reward:
Thus well sustain'd his mortal struggles cease,
Serene in death—the Christian sinks to peace.

The Church Yard.

No monumental record tells his worth,
His sounding titles, or his ancient birth,
But memory supplies the toils of art,
And writes this just eulogium on the heart:

Whate'er the graces and the virtues blend,
Whate'er acquires and what retains a friend;
A heart with warm philanthrophy that glow'd,
And burnt with sacred zeal towards it's God;
A soul illum'd by wisdom's brightest ray,
Was the ejected tenant of this clay.
Cheer'd by his bounty, widow'd by his doom,
The sighs of mis'ry murmur o'er his tomb,
The Muse ascriptive and her vot'ry bend,
To mourn the Christian, relative and friend:
Flow fast ye tears, nor let the turf be dry,
For buried here with ——— these virtues lie:
Not so—his relics only here repose,
From whence his spirit, thus adorn'd, arose,
To join seraphic hosts in realms of bliss,
The meet associates for a soul like his.

Lo! where a mother weeps his early doom,
An infant sleeps within th' adjacent tomb;

The Church Yard.

Oh, who can tell the anguish that she bears,
The varied sources of maternal tears;
She, who has watch'd incipient reason move,
And train'd his infant voice to lisp his love;
Fancied perfection center'd in her child,
Unnumber'd graces as he sweetly smil'd,
Saw ev'ry grace ideally matur'd,
And on the pinnacle of life secur'd:
Frail, fleeting vision! death's resistless pow'r
Breaks up the fairy fabric in an hour,
Transplants the op'ning bud from this dark coil,
To blossom in a more congenial soil.

When blind affection grasps th' uncertain loan,
Idolatry usurps Religion's throne,
Prompts us the valu'd blessing to abuse,
And in the creature the Creator lose;
Till Heav'n in mercy wield the chast'ning rod,
To turn the current of the heart to GOD.

The Muse adopts the mother's poignant smart,
And thus would whisper comfort to her heart:

The Church Yard.

Cease, mother, cease, to weep your darling boy,
Or let your tears be tears of grateful joy;
His soul, unstain'd by lapse of guilty years,
A living angel with his God appears;
Before the heavenly throne behold him move,
And plead for those on earth who shar'd his love,
While Nature's tears his earthly clay bedew,
To realms of bliss his joyful track pursue;
Time soon will shift this transcient scene of pain,
Immortal then, you'll meet your boy again.

Beats that cold heart, unmov'd, can view the grave,
From which enchanting beauty could not save,
Where triumphs death o'er ev'ry blushing grace,
The league of mind, of virtue, and of face;
Oh, tell him how the blooming flow'ret grew,
A lily tinted with the rose's hue,
A soul adorn'd with graces all her own,
And spotless as the Heav'n to which she's flown:
With what awaken'd zeal a mother lov'd,
A father saw and tenderly approv'd;
Teach him to realize the lover's woe,
Who saw exulting every beauty grow,

The Church Yard.

'Till wan consumption, blighting all her charms,
She droop'd a living shadow in his arms;
Trace on her pallid cheek the hectic glow,
Like wintry sunshine gilding winter snow,
The melting waters glide before the beam,
So sunk the victim, like a passing dream.

E'en the stern moralist must soften here,
And join to shed the tributary tear,
Which Nature to the lovely ruin pays,
And adds a pointed moral to his lays;
From beauty's wreck—most lov'd—most valu'd toy,
In the weak estimate of earthly joy,
Death has no choice;—e'en Beauty's spells impart,
No magic influence to controul his dart;
Nor witching charms, nor grace, nor vernal bloom,
Death's shaft is sped, impellent to the tomb;
Nor leaves one solitary record here,
Save th' elegiac Muses' votive tear.

If with'ring Beauty ask a tear,
Come pay the hallow'd tribute here;
Departed virtues urge a sigh,
Then here their mould'ring relics lie.

The Church Yard.

And here the weeping willows wave,
Their pendant branches o'er the grave,
Where silver dews, at morn and eve,
Their trickling pledge of sorrow leave.

And here the midnight toll is rung,
And here the mournful dirge is sung,
And ærial requiems here are play'd,
To lull the lov'd, the lovely maid.

Here Sabbath stillness seems to reign,
Or listen to the solemn strain,
While angels holy vigil keep,
To guard intrusion from her sleep.

When ev'ning wraps the world in gloom,
Her pallid shade around the tomb,
With piercing sigh and weeping wail,
Bears concert with the mourning gale.

Or with the lover's deep lament,
With frequent footstep hither bent,
Whose murmurs to her list'ning shade,
Complain of earthly hopes betray'd.

Not that in sooth from realms of day
Her sainted spirit bends it's way,
But whisp'ring fancies glowing burn,
And shape her image round the urn.

The cypress foliage evergreen,
In Fancy's mirror too is seen:
Faint emblem of immortal bloom,
A beam of bliss beyond the tomb.

Fall, holy balm—fall, sacred tear,
For Nature claims the incense here;
Then Hope the lucid gem shall dry,
And trace her passage to the sky.

Hark! in slow periods swells the solemn toll,
Which vibrates deeply on the feeling soul,
The harbinger of yon' impressive scene,
Which moves in mournful silence o'er the green;
Save the deep sobs which bursting speak her pain,
Yon' widow'd mourner foremost in the train,
Her drooping children in succession move,
With sighs expressive of their orphan'd love;

The Church Yard.

The sad procession ends where neighbours pay
Their weeping tribute to the fading clay:
Scarce has the changing silver lamp of night,
Fill'd her round orb, from her inceptive light,
Since in meridian strength and bloom he mov'd,
Possessing and possest of those he lov'd,
Flush'd with his dream, a lasting tenure here,
Now the pale tenant of the plume-crown'd bier.

Reads the sad Muse as o'er the dead she bends,
This awful lesson to surviving friends,—
Life how uncertain, but how certain death,
The hour draws nigh, with each transpiring breath.

Oh, who shall now the widow's cause sustain,
Who cultivate her peace, or share her pain;
Avert the shafts by wanton malice hurl'd,
And shield her offspring from a frowning world;
Direct their progress thro' the snares of youth,
Of vice and folly, to the fane of truth?
What to his weeping friends can now supply
His social spirit, and the ancient tie?
Hush! and the impious plaint be heard no more,
The question's answered in the sacred lore

The Church Yard.

The Lord who gave, his high commands remove,
Cast all your cares upon his perfect love;
There, if with humble confidence we bend,
Is found the husband, father, and the friend.

With pious resignation to his doom,
Afflicted Friendship thus inscribes the tomb:

Once valu'd friend, thy transient course is run,
But Heav'n ordain'd, and let Heav'n's will be done;
Still Nature weeps a lov'd associate fled,
A kindred spirit number'd with the dead;
Still offers Friendship, loth with thee to part,
This bleeding tribute from an anguish'd heart,
Vibrating once in concert with thine own,
Now cold and still beneath this marble stone:
With equal zeal we nurs'd the sacred flame,
Our thoughts, our wishes, our pursuits the same;
Strengthen'd by thine, each gen'rous feeling grew,
Alas! each guilty deviation too;
But thou hast first begun thy mystic flight,
Beyond these grov'ling scenes of pain and night,
Thy travel to that strange mysterious land,
Where all our follies—faults on record stand,

Where angry justice on the awful page,
Enrols the victims of eternal rage;
Yet Mercy pleads for human frailty there,
And blots the record with the purpos'd tear;
Then, hence these tears which mourn thy happier fate,
These sighs which murmur at thy ransom'd state,
Let Faith behold thee prostrate 'fore the throne,
And in thy pardon recognise her own.

Here statesmen, warriors, all their honours yield,
Earn'd in the senate or th' ensanguin'd field;
Ambition tir'd, (extinct her dazzling fires,
Delusive meteors,) in the grave expires!
Heroes possess no arms to vanquish Death,
The flowers of language are but lavish'd breath;
The eloquence which chain'd the captive ear,
By Death enchain'd, lies mute and torpid here:
Here blighted droops within the with'ring grave
The wreath of glory, which adorn'd the brave;
Like some dim halo, whose encircling form
Portends with wat'ry ray th' impending storm;
The tempest wakes, with elemental roar,
The beamless moon, cloud-veil'd, illumes no more;

The Church Yard.

The rains descend, the rattling torrents fly,
And drown the meteor in the black'ned sky.
So glory lends vain dust a sickly beam,
Alike predictive of the closing dream;
The civic crown is with the patriot laid,
The circling laurels of the victor fade;
Exceptive only where with licens'd rein,
Religion leads ambition to her fane,
And souls with glowing energy arise,
To seek a crown of glory in the skies.

The rays of honor cannot pierce the grave,
Whose mould'ring tenant is the sleeping brave,
The sun of glory that so lately shone,
Has barely left a beam upon the stone.

Oh! weep, the flower of Albion weep!
Where Ponsonby and Picton died,
Deep in the dust the heroes sleep,
The soul of war, our country's pride.

Swift as the vollied light'ning's glow,
Their glitt'ring weapons deathwing'd sped;

The Church Yard.

Triumphant o'er the prostrate foe,
Bright gleam'd their swords o'er piles of dead.

With graceful forms, with winning art,
To soothe, to please, to vanquish all,
Yet eagle wing, and lion heart,
To fight, to conquer, or to fall.

Ye daughters fair of Albion's race,
A widow'd groupe of mourners bend,
Oh, veil in tears each smiling grace,
And weep your champion and your friend!

Suspend your silent harps on high,
On drooping willows bid them sleep,
While whisp'ring winds shall mournful sigh,
And teach their golden chords to weep.

Oh! weep, the flower of Albion weep!
Where once they triumph'd, there they died,
Deep in the dust the heroes sleep,
The soul of war, our country's pride.

The Church Yard.

No longer sorrow weeps, hush'd ev'ry sigh,
Its spring and period here confounded lie,
Enfranchis'd from unnumber'd kindred woes,
In the cold earth is found, at last—repose;
If sad misfortune form the source of grief,
'Twere vain from man to supplicate relief,
Contempt, not pity, fellow-beings feel,
But break the wounded heart they will not heal;
Or urg'd by youth, in error's luring way,
The suff'rer mourns the hour which saw him stray;
The broken contrite spirit looks around
For pardon,—dark proscription's only found,
Sunk in the same abyss, man wields the rod,
And mercy leaves to his offended God:
Vainly on earth remission may we crave,
The only avenue is thro' the grave;
Still Heav'n affords the mourner sweet relief,
A balm assuasive to each poignant grief,
Like Alpine foliage whose rich brumal flow'rs,
Contrast the regions of eternal snow,
Religion, dread misfortune's wintry hours,
Bids with immortal hope and promise glow.

The Church Yard.

How weird pride the yielding judgment charms,
The gilded hatchment with emblazon'd arms,
An empty gaude, boasts o'er the rotting clay,
Thus pride still triumphs in her own decay;
Where wealth, ambition, titles, pow'r, sleep,
Boasting the pageantry they could not keep.
Virtue's nobility,* she ever lives,
And deathless honors to her vot'ry gives;
The 'scutcheon'd aisles are Virtue's title deeds,
Where thus her heritage of life she reads:

Stranger, withhold the votive tear
Which starts to bathe the relics here,
Heav'n bade my earthly struggles cease,
And whispers "may he rest in peace†"

And now the storm of life is o'er,
The blasts of sorrow chill no more,
But Hope and Faith my peace regain,
And tell me "I shall rise again‡."

---

* Nobilitatis virtus non stemma character.

† Requiescat in pace.

‡ Resurgam.

The Church Yard.

The bursting heart, the burning tear,
No more shall vex my spirit here;
No pangs of pain, nor death-born strife,
For "Death's the certain gate of life*."

And I have pass'd the gloomy way,
The avenue to courts of day,
Tho' long a wand'rer tempest driv'n,
Yet now I know "there's rest in Heav'n†."

And yet another victim to the tomb!
Can Genius, Science, not avert the doom;
Must he whose knowledge teaches to explore
The polar regions, or the Indian shore,
Whose judgment aids the wand'ring prow to keep
A certain passage o'er the trackless deep;
Must wint'ry blasts his hope-fraught bark o'erwhelm,
Break up life's voyage, and unship the helm,
Arm'd with this union, must he also die?
Ask his pale relics—here they mould'ring lie.

---

* In cœlo quies.

† Mors janua vitæ.

Grav'd on the stone is trac'd the chart of life,
Cross'd with the rocks of error, shoals of strife,
It's oceans stormy, havens insecure,
Death only certain, oftentimes too sure;
For hence the spirit from the flesh unmoor'd,
Is bound to scenes of being, unexplor'd,
May Angels guide the poor advent'rer o'er,
And land her safely on the blissful shore.

Fancy invites a bright assemblage here,
The Arts, the Graces, and the Muses come,
To sympathise around the fun'ral bier,
Which bears their gifted fav'rites to the tomb.

Adorn'd with these, enrich'd by Fortune's rays,
And glitt'ring vanities around them crowd:
Yet Death lurks brooding in the noon-tide blaze,
And weaves the fun'ral tissue of the shroud.

Where Theron sleeps, consult the letter'd stone,
And strive to make his character your own;
His was the charge, the sacred office his,
To lure the sinner to the worlds of bliss;

And well he practis'd ev'ry pious art,
To win the soul, and captivate the heart;
With men he pleaded for their interests here,
He pictur'd heav'n, and ev'ry heart was there;
Prompt, clear, enlightened, ardent in his call,
His pulpit shone a throne of light to all,
A serious calm the ag'd apostle grac'd,
(For on his brow, the snows of time were plac'd;)
Behind, the world and all it's glare he threw,
And stedfast kept the goal of Heav'n in view;
The law of Truth was written on his tongue,
On ev'ry accent deep conviction hung;
His guiding star, *the truth reveal'd*, alone,
Its sacred records, his credentials shone;
Rising above the low pursuits of time,
Therein he trac'd the majesty sublime,
Ineffable, of that all-glorious plan,
Which in the Gospel is vouchsaf'd to man;
Man, form'd at first in native grandeur, good,
Stampt with the actual impress of his God,
Immortal, rational, his Maker's boast,
Delinquent, rebel, brutish, vile, and lost:
Oh, splendid mystery! transporting word!
Redeem'd by an insulted—pitying God!

The Church Yard.

Fade Fancy's flow'rs, wit's brilliance, reason's pride,
Before the thought, that God for sinners died!
For all your pow'rs concenter'd, ne'er can raise
The equal meed of wonder, love, and praise.

Such Theron was, whose dust here sleeping lies,
For Heav'n has call'd its legate to the skies;
Each sadden'd cheek, the tears of sorrow lave,
And kindred angels watch around his grave.

Death's triumphs thicken, 'neath yon rising heaps,
The Sire or Son—the Maid or Matron sleeps;
With them each passion that was won't to burn,
A cold deposite in the silent urn.

Mark the sad landscape with wide ruin spread,
A mighty mass of undistinguish'd dead;
Princes, consociate with their subjects sleep,
Beggars and Lords no awful distance keep;
The heart which sympathiz'd with other's woe,
Pulsates no more, and tears forget to flow;
E'en selfish niggards in the grave at least,
Spread for the loathsome worm an ample feast.

The Church Yard.

If then our general heritage—the tomb,
If none avert the irrevocable doom,
If in process of years all creatures die,
And judgment introduce eternity,
Hast no anticipation of the dread decree,
Or Death no terrors, reasoning fool for thee?
Is there no God, then with this being part,
Unstricken by deep horror to thy heart.
Ah, no, vain sceptic, not thy boasted sense
Can fathom or withstand Omnipotence,
The ashy pallor on thy sicklied cheek,
Thy conscious guilt and watchful terrors speak:
Anomalies are guilt and fear, absurd,
Were there no laws t' infringe, no reigning Lord;
Shrink from the gulph, whilst blest with vital breath,
Oh snatch Salvation, purchase Heav'n with death;
Nature and Revelation, mark the road,
Will lead thee to a Saviour and to God.
On Death's dark base, the fated wreck of years,
Immortal life a splendid fabric rears,
Ah then, with ceaseless vigil, e'er too late,
Complete this superstructure o'er thy fate.

The Church Yard

As drought and heat consume dissolving snows,
The ebbing river to the ocean flows,
So all whose frame inspires the vital breath,
Are swallow'd in the op'ning gulf of Death.

The glowing tints of evening slowly fade,
And clothe the feelings with a sombre shade,
The mind infected by the deep'ning gloom,
Invests with darker dread the silent tomb:
Before imagination's fever'd glance,
Ideal forms and spectred shadows dance,
There sits embodied by the mental storm,
Rob'd in it's shroud, some pale, sepulchral form,
Or fear pursues the ghastly flitting shade,
Which in the distant gloom appears to fade,
While whistling blasts, the screech-owl's dismal sound,
Form a dull prelude to their airy round;
But whence these fears—whence springs this innate dread,
Which starts revolting from the harmless dead,
The once enliv'ning spirit thence is flown,
To scenes of bliss, or mis'ry unknown:
A dreadful gulf secures the fated soul,
Doom'd in unceasing agony to roll,

The Church Yard.

Beyond her chains—the pris'ner cannot roam,
Or quit her wretched, dark, eternal home;
And errandless the spirits of the just,
Stoop not from Heav'n to haunt their mould'ring dust;
Brighter allurements—joys remote from pain,
Form their sweet bondage—and their flight retain;
Or if celestial embassies *are* given,
The legates wear the characters of Heav'n,
Mercy and Peace their ministry adorn,
The frail to strengthen, or the thoughtless warn;
The Heav'nly congress guards our erring dust,
Reclaims the wand'rer, or confirms the just:
Then chase these fears, which blot fair Reason's page,
With virtue's arms the baseless foe engage,
Guard with the shield of Faith the feeble soul,
Th' immortal Ægis which secures the goal;
The talisman t' expel the Christian's fears,
His legal passport thro' this vale of tears.
Hence shall the Tyrant Death, in life's last hour,
Feel his own fatal influence on his power,
While round the couch triumphant Angels sing,
"Oh, Grave, where is thy Victory—oh, Death, where is thy Sting?"

VILLAGE RAMBLES.

Canto the Second.

EVIDENCES OF A SUPREME BEING.—MORNING.—THE VICARAGE.—THE POOR HOUSE.

DEEPLY imprest we quit the solemn dead,
To view the smiling landscape round us spread,
Where teeming vales, in blooming contrast live,
Enrich'd with all that Nature's hand can give:
Here wild luxuriance owns the hand of art,
And mutually a heighten'd charm impart,
There furrows lengthen, verdant pastures glow,
And dark woods wave, and stealing waters flow;
Heav'n's rich exchequer spreads it's treasure here,
The rip'ning harvest of the genial year,
While all around a social air assumes,
From flocks and herds, and cottages and domes.

Evidences of a Supreme Being.

Fill'd with the spirit of the Mighty Pow'r,
Flushes the foliage, blooms each fragrant flow'r,
Spreads the bright influence of the dawning light,
Or opiate fragrance of the dewy night;
Wantons the pirate breeze, the sweets among,
And woods are vocal with the wild birds song;
Shining conviction rolling orbits sweep,
Huge monsters revel in th' unfathom'd deep;
Moves ev'ry living member of the plan,
To brute from insect, and from brute to man;
Throughout the range of the creative scale,
The evidential marks of God prevail;
But pride within the heart creates a fane,
And reason prostrates vassal in her train.
The painter spreads his artificial dies,
And on the canvas, pictur'd foliage lies;
Hereon we trace an operator's part,
And instant own the painter's mimic art,
But in the living luxury of flow'r,
Trees, shade, refreshment, fruit and fragrance show'r;
Yet with a dense perversity of mind,
The Pow'r creative which these trees design'd
We own not—but with dull perverted glance,
Ascribe the splendid miracle to chance:

Oh, blind abuse of intellect refin'd,
Endow'd with mental light, yet dark and blind!

Beasts, birds, and fishes, senseless insects too,
In all their actions have an end in view;
To form a motive and its end to seek,
Action and object intellect bespeak,
Hence when we see insensate creatures move,
To stated objects, as their actions prove;
Are they not guided by superior might,
Which gives them impulse, and directs them right,
Their tribes to rear, to cherish and sustain,
And keep entire the universal chain.

Now higher still our speculations rise,
We tread the vaulted arcades of the skies,
Fancy inhaling floods of rich delight,
Rides on the sun-beams of ethereal light,
Tracks their vast orbits, and enchanted hears
The choral music of concentric spheres;
Bears with unshrinking gaze the solar ray,
And travels onward from the source of day,
Whither his rapid circuit Merc'ry wheels,
Impel'd by heat no distant planet feels,

Unseen, retir'd from unassisted sight,
Absorb'd in beams of far superior light;
Or Venus nightly holds her storied reign,
The regent beauty of the starry plain;
Vast Jupiter in vaster orbit flies,
And looks the Viceroy of surrounding skies;
Cold Saturn shines, to frozen exile hurl'd,
A Sentry at the barriers of the world,
Bound by a circling zone of silver light,
To cheer the glooms of his expatriate flight;
Or intermediate orbs by central laws,
Roll awful homage to the Great First Cause:
Well might the theme the votive lay inspire,
And nerve the hand that strikes a feeble lyre,
But that exalted theme all song transcends,
And where commences tribute, language ends.

When swol'n indulgence satiate vigil keeps,
Or on the fatal couch of lux'ry sleeps,
What time the Sun his shining track renews,
And bathes his genial beams in matin dews,
The lighted chrystal wears the solar charm,
Till sweetly melting into ambient balm.

Morning.

As softer graces new-born love inspires,
And melts the soul illumin'd by its fires,
We'll tread the dewy slopes of yonder hill,
When all but Nature's harmony is still,
No sounds unlov'd, on list'ning silence roll,
To break this tranquil sabbath of the soul;—
To woo th' enliv'ning influence of the skies,
And with the feather'd woodland choir arise;
Hear the sweet notes the rival min'strels raise,
Their grateful tribute in the hymn of praise;—
T' inspire the fragrance of the freighted gale,
Swept in it's passage o'er the fertile vale,
From ev'ry flow'ret which adorns the scene,
In lively contrast with the darker green,
Where pregnant dews receive the incense giv'n,
And flush with deeper sweets the breath of Heav'n:
In waking morn we'll seek the rural bow'r,
With feelings harmonizing to the hour,
E'er busy care divide, relax the soul,
And ev'ry mental avenue controul,
Feast on the scene till Nature's beauties move,
The kindling pleasure into warmer love,
Associate rapture, thus inspire to sing,
In grateful homage, Nature's God and King;

MORNING HYMN.*

Arise my soul and join the lay,
Symphonious to the God of day,
While Nature's sons in union try,
To touch the chords of ecstacy.

When morning wakes each flow'r that blows,
The vi'let sweet, and blushing rose,
With all that grace the rich parterre,
To breathe their incense on the air.

Ascending Zephyrs reach the skies,
And bear the fragrant sacrifice,
Creation offers to the throne,
Whence genial dews acceptance own;

The thirsty Earth imbibes the dew,
Her pregnant blessings to renew,
The bleating flocks, her sweets which share,
And wholesome fruits their witness bear.

* Adapted from the 148th Psalm.

Morning Hymn.

Engender'd by the midnight gloom,
Shadowy dreams which haunt the tomb,
Distemper'd Fancies steal away,
Before the fulgid glow of day:

Rolling swift his burning car,
Ascends th' horizon ranging far,
Bursting through the cincture zone,
To fill his high cerulean throne:

Around him spheres perpetual wheel,
Whose orbs his central influence feel,
Directed by th' Eternal Soul,
Dispensing blessings as they roll;

The beasts with which the desert teems,
Retire before his searching beams,
And peaceful herds explore the shade,
And grateful crop the grassy blade;

Melodious warblers choral sing,
While the lark on soaring wing,
Emulates bright angel's lays,
Even *where* they hymn His praise;

Morning Hymn.

Unruffled by the tranquil breeze,
Serenely sleep the roaring seas,
The stealing waters softly glide,
And murmur praises in the tide;

The scaly tenants of the flood,
Leap up; and own their forming God;
And insect tribes the chain expand,
Which speaks an all-directing hand;

The waving foliage bending low,
Its silent homage seems to bow,
Consenting own th' Eternal King,
From whom its branching graces spring;

Shall man the image of the SIRE,
A spark of the ethereal fire,
Endow'd with mind, his bosom steel,
And want a heart the gift to feel!

Oh! rise my soul, from dreams supine,
To estimate the theme divine,
Strain all thy powers, whate'er they be,
Till Time brings on Eternity;

The Vicarage.

Then shall the mind, unchain'd, reveal,
What earthly clouds may now conceal,
In realms of untold splendour rove,
And learn at once to know and love.

There, where yon mansion crowns the rising green,
In full possession of the valley scene,
Whose smiling change of forest, flock, and field,
Not e'en the vale of Thessaly could yield;
Yon elms, embow'ring, shade the tranquil seat
Of Piety and Peace, the fit retreat,
There dwells the shepherd of the village train,
Th' appointed pastor of the rural fane.

High honour'd office! advocates of Heav'n!
To whom its embassy of love is giv'n,
The sacred volume, their credentials forms,
A holy pledge to erring mortal worms;
Oh! what a warmth should animate their plan
Of zeal for God, and active love for man!
The watchful guardians of the flock which stray,
'Tis theirs to lead the wand'rer on his way;
The reckless sleeping sinner to awake,
Whose high eternal interests are at stake;

Or the awaken'd trembling soul to clear
From the dark trammels of distrust and fear;
Or should the light of truth a ray impart,
To fix the brilliant deeper in the heart,
And when the solemn hour of Death draws nigh,
'Tis theirs to hush fond Nature's struggling sigh;
Built on the certain base of Faith below,
With grounded Hope, to soothe each bitter throe,
And bid the fainting way-worn pilgrim rise,
To claim his rich reversion in the skies;
Thus led—the willing soul releas'd from clay,
Achieves her flight to everlasting day,
Where Hope eclips'd by sweet fruition flies,
And Faith absorb'd in blest conviction, dies.

Glorious inducements,—Ministers of God!
To cultivate the privilege bestow'd,
To warn, to strengthen, animate and cheer,
To lead to Heav'n, and almost feel it here,
Angels your faithful ministry record,
You the true pilots, your's the just reward.

Alas, our reverends derogate the name,
And oft their precepts, by their practice, shame;

Their lax example, baleful influence sheds,
And vice indulg'd, because uncensur'd, spreads;
Or hence dissentient members seek and hold,
To kindlier shepherds in a distant fold.

Not him—whose soul, such frozen service scorns,
Whose ministry a sober grace adorns,
Lur'd by the influence of his past'ral care,
Thrice willing vot'ries crowd the house of prayer;
Their deep responses speak how well they feel
Our holy ritual—hallow'd by his zeal,
Which in his plain address, commands the ear,
Impassion'd, tender, wak'ning, and sincere.

What interest united pray'rs impart,
To GOD ascends the incense of the heart,
When gather'd in His name, His name to praise,
Assembled saints, their grateful voices raise;
The chords strike home, the soul attun'd to feel,
And urge to join the animating peal.

HYMN FOR THE CHOIR.*

Oh, praise the Lord, enthron'd in light,
Where prostrate angels veil their sight,
Who form'd the temple of the sky,
And built it on Eternity.

Confess the all-pervading Soul,
Ye mighty orbs, which circling roll,
While all beneath your influence prove,
His infinite creating love.

Ye lovers of the tuneful art,
Your sweetest strains of praise impart,
And with the touch of rapture high,
Awake the soul of Harmony.

Strike ev'ry instrumental chord,
To sound the praises of the Lord,
And let the pealing organ join,
To swell the choral hymn divine.

* Adapted from the 150th Psalm.

Breath soft the flutes' melodious notes,
And as the liquid measure floats,
In graceful motions mark the strain,
Which hails His universal reign.

Oh, praise the Lord, who draw his breath,
'Till mortal pow'rs are lost in Death,
Then Glory shall your songs inspire,
And grace them with an angel's lyre.

The sacred duties of the Sabbath o'er,
His care instructs the younger lab'ring poor;
His plan sufficient knowledge to impart,
To search the Scriptures, and correct the heart,
But not with erring zeal their views elate,
And edge their feelings to contemn their state;
Should Genius fire—with this foundation laid,
Her active pow'rs will each cloud pervade,
Genius will pierce the shades of mental night,
And shine more brightly with contrasted light:
Then cultivate the mind to which is giv'n,
This noble preference, this stamp of Heav'n;
But if appropriate to its destin'd toil,
Why wake desires, not kindred with the soil;

The Poor House.

The state requires a class to till the field,
Its vital member, and its brightest shield:
A morbid polish, (so the Historian reads,)
Th' approaching fate of empires still precedes,
New wants created in this state refin'd,
Like gangrenes fester, on the public mind,
Ambition, Lux'ry, hold united sway,
All quit their sphere, and rush to prompt decay:
Directed thus, the peasant's wishes soar,
Far from his native fields, so lov'd before,
The trader, artist, enviously he views,
Hence doom'd their just inheritance to lose,
Because his cheaper service will prevail,
And gain acceptance, where he else would fail;
One stoops to rise, to stoop the others scorn,
And all are render'd beggars in their turn;
Their labours hence, a like depression tends,
And fraught with ruin, so the contest ends.

If pois'd our relative appointments seem,
Disturb the level—upward flies the beam,
Like shifting floods, when they desert the shore,
And raging, lash their ancient bounds no more;

Some distant land, the foaming surges lave,
And drown th' invaded region in the wave;
So social order suffers in the race,
And pregnant evils from this source we trace,
Where jarring interests hurt the gen'ral weal,
Some suff'ring victims must th' exclusion feel;
Want seeks relief, pride festers from the blow,
And honour prostrates to her direst foe.

But *here*, no rous'd ambition warps their ease,
Contentment dwells with virtue, and with peace;
E'en aged poverty sits smiling here,
Or pay it's guardians with the grateful tear,
For well protected by the reverend chief,
Age finds repose, and poverty relief;
Ask his reward—the simple answer's giv'n,
His heart, their blessings, and approving Heav'n.

Too oft intended charity imparts,*
A cold asylum to afflicted hearts,

* The Author particularly refers to the practice of farming the Poor, where individual interest and the purposes of humanity are distinctly at variance.

The Poor House.

Their needful solace often is denied,
Where ign'rance dictates to official pride,
Or faithless stewards share the scanty dole,
Not measured by their wants, but niggard rule:
Degrading calculation counts each head,
As brutes considered, so like brutes they're fed,
While hard restraints, their liberty controul,
Their bread distaste, and wound the feeling soul.

When dreaded poverty assumes the rein,
Unnumber'd woes are sequent in her train,
Cold, hunger, sickness of the heart, prolong
The chain of ills, which to her suit belong!
From social haunts, (despis'd,) the victim's hurl'd,
A lonely being, in a selfish world.*
Scar'd Fancy rears a temple and repairs
With suppliant zeal, to breathe her earnest prayers,
And like Gadira's Zealots, seeks the fane,
Before her shrine, to deprecate her reign.

* The people of Gadira, (modern Cadiz,) make Poverty and Art Goddesses, because the first whets the wit for the discovery of the other.

ODE TO POVERTY.

Oh! thou pale shiv'ring form, of vestments bare,
Whose look of anguish, and whose tearful eye,
Whose sad—dejected, and forsaken air,
Too well announce thee,—chilling poverty!

Oh, cloud not with thy frown my transient days,
And thy dread terrors still avert from me,
Hide thy diminish'd head in Fortune's rays,
For I no willing votary shall be;

No halcyon calms relieve the storms of life
Which, whistling, round thy fated victim fly,
Abroad, contempt; at home, domestic strife;
Thy sure attendants, still the wretch are nigh.

The wight condemn'd thine influence to feel,
Finds thee an Alchymist of baneful skill,
Which ev'ry heart transmutes to hardest steel,
For thou art deem'd a rank offender still:

Ode to Poverty.

Pal'd in the circle which thy magic weaves,
The sphere where vice and folly ever reign,
If sated, these associates he leaves,
He forms a chasm in the social chain;

Adorn'd with native elegance of mind,
And all the added graces culture gives,
By these, alas! too tremblingly refin'd,
He feels, and mourns, the sphere in which he lives;

Tho' virtue make his heart her chaste abode,
And fit the mortal for the angel sphere,
This will obtain distinction from his God,
But stands in little estimation here;

Or come not in thy terrors stern array'd
With fell despair and ruin in thy train,
Whence honour sickens, tempted, and betray'd,
And guardian reason interdicts in vain;

But with thee bring thy Heav'n born twin allies,
And first let Piety's pure form be seen,
She points to brighter treasures in the skies,
While meek submission breaks the chain between:

Seductive hopes! she teaches to resign,
And bends to Heav'n's high throne the willing knee,
Then might we own thine influence benign,
And endless happiness ascribe to thee.

VILLAGE RAMBLES.

Canto the Third.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE.—FRIENDSHIP.—LOVE.—DIGRESSIONS.—CONCLUSION.

TO our invok'd associates in this hour,
Come busy Mem'ry with retentive pow'r,
Assist the muse in retrospect to trace,
Some local reliques of the ancient place,
Where dwelt the sage by parent care assign'd,
To plant the seeds of knowledge in the mind.

Within the limits of yon spacious wall,
Once roll'd the hoop, or flew the missile ball,
And sports, unnumber'd, seem'd to urge the bell,
Which far too punctual rung their passing knell,

The School House.

To school th' unwelcome summons to repair,
Whose batter'd walls, the knife-carv'd sculpture bear,
Initial records of the school boy's name,
The native hank'ring of the soul for fame;
Fairer than some which stain her ampler page,
Tho' more conspicuous on this transient stage,
Who woo the meteor with unholy zeal,
And buy the shade with their immortal weal,
Mistaken honor, pride, their purpose fire,
While Honour, Virtue, on her shrine expire;
Say what the gem that asks this mighty cost?—
An idle vapour in a moment lost.

Here no Mæcenas fosters classic lore,
For Virgil lies neglected on the floor,
Nor better fares, with sweet and graceful page,
Sulmona's bard—the spoil of dirt and age;
Again exil'd for more alluring play,
The fav'rite science of life's vernal day.

In that sweet age of innocence and ease,
When ev'ry trifle wears a charm to please,
Transcending pleasure gilds without alloy,
The springing bosom, tun'd alone to joy,

Youth.

Or if the task, like dread Chimæra rise,
The class dismiss'd—the vanquish'd monster dies;
No deep regrets or anxious cares invade,
The past embitter, or the future shade,
Fresh o'er the mind, each scene alternate glows,
While novelty o'er all its magic throws,
Nay, e'en a parting fence or hedge conceals
An unknown world, some sportive leap reveals,
And spreads, now past the intervening bound,
A world of pleasure, (first explor'd) beyond.

Fled are the smiling hours, for ever gone,
Down the dark stream of time, beyond return,
The silver cord is loos'd, the golden bowl,
Deep charg'd with pleasure, charms no more the soul;
The lagging cistern wheel finds no employ,
For age has dried the fountain springs of joy,
Like other blessings which attend our state,
But rarely estimated 'till too late.

Flush'd with the warmth of youth the stripling goes,
Sanguine the current of his passions flows,
With rip'ning feelings in his adult breast,
In airy dreams of love or friendship blest:

Friendship.

Full many a hope is nurtur'd in the heart,
Light and elastic in life's youthful spring,
How few are realiz'd, and few impart
The pleasures, we expected they would bring;
Alas! experience with the sage agrees,
The base of friendship is the means to please,
While mutual contributions swell the store,
The pleasing league's protracted, and no more;
If these, beneath Misfortune's hand expire,
Friends, quickly shrinking from the test, retire,
Discordant wishes, clashing interests strain,
With rude collision burst th' harmonious chain:
Nay, e'en the bond congenial spirits frame,
Where Virtue sanctifies the youthful flame,
Time, place, divide their mutual career,
And absence serves for friendship's fun'ral bier:
The varying scenes which each advent'rer finds,
With wide impressions, mould and shape their minds,
Age whispers caution, which alone destroys
The soul of friendship, and its native joys,
And hence, if chance their intercourse restore,
They find the unison exists no more.

The Blind Beggar's Petition.

Alcander, gen'rous, wealthy once, refin'd,
Felt this sad truth, when feeble, old and blind;
He wept his tale, and begg'd for passing aid,
Reluctant still, 'till want and pain forbade,
Which drove him shiv'ring to the parish door,
The last sad refuge of the helpless poor.

THE BLIND BEGGAR's PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of the aged blind,
Whose wreck of life in utter darkness flies,
Whose possible enjoyments are confin'd,
But even these, sad poverty denies:

Led by my barking guide, I seek each door,
To tell my tale of undissembled woes,
Impel'd by hunger, driven to implore,
The casual pittance charity bestows.

The Blind Beggar's Petition.

The tears which trickle from these sightless eyes,
Are wrung by mis'ry now my anguish'd soul,
A wretched wand'rer, hope for ever flies,
And bids the scalding evidence to roll:

Expos'd to insult from th' unfeeling herd,
The eloquence of woe cannot prevail,
Unkindness answers to the pray'r prefer'd,
And mocks the sighs which oft impede my tale;

Awaken'd fears my trembling paths attend,
Aware that danger may each step betray,
Without the succour of one single friend
To chear, with soothing hope, my long dark day:

Dispers'd the crowd, which waited on my smiles,—
When Heav'n bestow'd and taught my heart to share,
The dire reverse betrays their selfish wiles,
Who now, relentless, quit me to despair.

In early life, extended wealth was mine,
And all the fleet enjoyments in her train,
The forfeit boast upon Misfortune's shrine,
Declares the unsubstantial tenure vain:

The Blind Beggar's Petition.

The anxious kindness of a father's love
Provided culture, in life's early spring,
His tender cares a sad reversion prove,
And arm my sorrows with a two-fold sting;

Then too I gaily wander'd, unconfin'd,
And sweet variety of pleasure knew,
Which Nature kindles in the ardent mind,
From Beauty's forms, embodied to the view:

But quench'd in darkness, is the visual ray
Which lends a beam, to animate the mind,
All visible creation fades away,
And leaves a dreary blank, alone, behind:

To share or dissipate her active fires,
No more external scenes their charms disclose,
But inward energy the soul acquires,
Concent'ring her perceptions in her woes.

And hence corporeal feelings keener grow,
Each cutting blast, that whistling, round me flies,
The drenching show'r, or winter's driven snow,
My chill'd heart pierces, thro' my tatter'd guise:

Love.

Remembrance bound in unrelenting chains,
Contrasts the past, a shiv'ring beggar now,
A latent spark of ancient pride remains,
But hunger calls, and bends my spirit low:

Pity the sorrows of the blind and poor,
Who from your charity implores relief,
May Heav'n avert Misfortune from your door,
And shield your bosom from the shafts of Grief.

In love, how prone the youthful passions soar
Beyond the bounds of Truth, to Folly's shore.
Creates a Heav'n on fever'd rapture's base,
And forms an angel in a mortal face;
Desire soon sated, shifts the glowing scene
To disappointment, coldness, or to spleen;
Than these yet more licentious we behold,
Ambition's vot'ry, or the slave of gold,
The wretch who burns alone, with sensual fire,
And knows no charm beyond his brute desire;
And yet, how oft, such parasites we see
Form shameless forgeries, chaste love, on thee;
Even where purer motives fan the fire,
And equal wishes, equal views inspire;

Jealousy.

A sad reverse contrasts their pictur'd joy,
And baleful thoughts imperfect bliss annoy,
When Jealousy with racking vigil goads,
Love's hour embitters, and the heart corrodes.

Beneath the drooping foliage prostrate laid
A weeping willow's sympathising shade,
Daphnis, with tort'ring Jealousy opprest,
Thus spoke the feelings of his anguish'd breast:—

"Oh, how could Fate so inauspicious prove,
"To introduce the syren to my love,
"Her on whose charms I once, permitted, gaz'd,
"While soft compliance, chasten'd fervour prais'd;
"Watch'd ev'ry look, each whisper of her breath,
"To see her smile was Heav'n, or sad was death:
"Such were my feelings, pure in each respect,
"And what their payment?—insult and neglect;
"Yet she is fair! oh, how divinely fair!
"And can deception find concealment there?
"Can Heav'n in opposite communion blend
"Its perfect image, with a heartless fiend?
"Oh, yes these eyes have evidenc'd the truth,
"When Acis came, she smil'd upon the youth;

Jealousy.

" A beardless boy, curse on the puny thing,
" The paltry preference should cure its sting;
" But must I with each pictur'd vision part,
" Must ev'ry hope forsake my once warm heart,
" And must I too the madd'ning sight behold,
" A rival lov'd, her graceful form enfold,
" Press her ripe lips where glowing pleasures dwell,
" The philtres which satiety dispel:
" Read the soft language spoken to his soul,
" Her eyes mute eloquence, which sparkling roll,
" Sigh on that world of charms, her bosom fair,
" With rapture die—and find a Heav'n there.

" Still let me dream I grasp unreal bliss,
" Nor blast perception with a sight like this;
" Stamp the dark seal of madness on my brain,
" Or Death will end what life cannot sustain;
" Yet rather be reveal'd the fatal whole,
" Lest chance should flash conviction on my soul,
" And Hell some furious feeling should impart,
" Transfuse a deadly hatred thro' my heart,
" And whisper venom with malicious breath,
" To pay her treach'ry with an instant death."

Thus urged the enthusiast with his shade-born zeal,
Nor thought his blooming victim at his heel:
Forth from the covert of a neighb'ring shade,
By chance directed, bounds the ingenuous maid,
Assur'd his ardour evidenc'd his truth,
Her circling arms embrace the jaundic'd youth,
And while her lips suspicions gently chide,
Alike offensive to her love and pride;
A beaming smile—invites a glowing kiss,
Dispels his dream—and wakens all his bliss.—

Chance fond affections ask the like return,
And vainly sighing unrequited burn,
Or scenes of death the widow'd heart employ,
Some murder'd hope—some dear departed joy,
'Till the poor maniac drags his galling chain,
And wildly laughs, or weeps his moody strain;
Oh, dread inversion! Heav'n's bright semblance fled,
Here, matter only lives, and mind is dead,
In dark fatuity, like Death confin'd,
Eclipsing all the sunbeams of the mind;
Or, if a spark of reason yet remain,
It lights e'en madness to acuter pain;

Disappointment.

Folly usurps blest Reason's lucid reign,
And sits enthron'd 'midst shadows on the brain;
The tongue is folly's agent, mad or mute,
The soul a cypher, senseless man, mere brute:
Oh, let us cultivate the blessing giv'n,
And consecrate the hallow'd boon to Heav'n;
Lest the great Donor's courted vengeance roll,
And veil the day-star from the pilgrim soul.
From lucid semblance to exhausted rage,
The piteous sorrow, asks the Muse's page.

THE MANIAC.

Stay, stranger, stay, and hear my tale,
And let it's simple truth prevail,
In these dark solitudes confin'd,
Where chains my form and feelings bind.

The Maniac.

My ample wealth a brother knew,
And avarice in his bosom grew,
He form'd the treacherous design,
And seiz'd the wealth, which once was mine:

Too soon he urg'd his foul pretence,
And forg'd a plea—my loss of sense,
Alas! that relique still I feel
Is left, my mis'ry to reveal:

Let gentle pity move your heart,
And to the King my tale impart,
To him, a brother's fraud reveal,
His royal heart my woe will feel.

Oh! how these groans my anguish move,
The death-cry of my murder'd love,
I see her shade in yonder beams,
And ev'ry blast repeats her screams;

See there she mounts the angry skies,
And on the whistling whirlwind flies,
The fervent heat of day she feels,
And hangs upon his chariot wheels!

The Maniac.

Her lily arm their course impedes,
For lo! she guides the fiery steeds,
Oh! now she drops the burning rein,
And headlong plung'd, dies—dies again!

Soft! angels breathe a dying strain,
Which whispers peace and stills my pain,
Hush! listen to the seraph sounds,
Their liquid tenor soothes my wounds:—

Oh, then they blew a blast so loud,
A blast so shrill and dread,
And the death-bell toll'd, but she was cold,
And wild flow'rs deck'd her head.

For my throne is enshrin'd in th' howling wind,
My sceptre is wheaten straw;
And my empire teems, with flitting dreams,
But Fancy gives them law:

Fall low before your sceptred Lord,
And bend the vassal knee,
'Till day usurps the regal state,
And bids your shadows flee;

While Memory recalls the past,
Gay Hope prolongs the scene,
Anticipates the hours which haste
To sweep the space between;

When as we feel the soft surprise,
And tell a love-tale with our eyes,
Each chasten'd kiss will thrilling prove,
The hallowtide of sainted love:

Unmix'd with fears which love alloy,
To us these raptures giv'n,
Our hearts o'er-charg'd with painful joy,
Will burst and die in Heav'n:

Why here, unholy, dost thou rove,
Pale forg'ry of my blooming love,
Why haunt this anguish'd heart,
Death would have thought, had he e'er seen,
A sylph *immortal* she had been,
And hopeless, sheath'd his dart:

The veil she wore was no disguise,
Nor hid the lustre of her eyes,

For through the envious net, was seen
The azure beauty of her een.

Beneath the vest which rob'd my fair,
Might Fancy dream a Heav'n there,
But all reveal'd, there scarce would seem,
A vacancy for Fancy's dream.

But thou art curtain'd in the shroud,
Thine eye is quench'd in Death's dark cloud,
The winding sheet enwraps thy form,
Wan, cold, associate of the worm.

Alas! I feel my throbbing side
Cold, colder grows the ebbing tide,
Oh! death, thy friendly boon I crave,
A refuge in the silent grave.

Collect, combine the sum of human joy,
Hope, pleasure, passion, every fading toy,
Low born of vanity, in youth enjoy'd,
By cank'ring age grown obsolete and void;
A beam corrosive round each vapour plays,
While death internal, on it's being preys,

Conclusion.

State the full aggregate of earthly bliss,
It forms a sordid catalogue like this:

First LOVE, most ardent, when the breast it fills,
Possession weakens, and too often kills;
FRIENDSHIP, most chaste, is still the sacrifice
Where diff'ring views, or varying interests rise;
BEAUTY, most lov'd, the idol of the heart,
Points the deep anguish, when condemn'd to part!
RICHES, the seeming means, t' enjoy the hour,
Narrow the heart and enervate it's pow'r;
FAME, an illusive vapour, living death,
Tainted by ev'ry sickly, changing breath;
TITLE, sarcastic mock'ry, empty form,
Better distinction this—poor dying worm:
KNOWLEDGE, the mirror of our certain doom,
A light which points us to th' expecting tomb;
HOPE, a false optic, thro' whose lens appear
Pleasures enhanc'd above their rate when near;
Tho' these may spread, exhaust their widest store,
The void remains, a raging thirst for more,
Nay, ev'ry boon, the fondest wish can crave,
Is swept, remorseless, to one common grave.
RELIGION only boasts no dull alloy,
The licens'd source of well supported joy,

Conclusion.

The antidote to all the ills which sway
Their ruthless sceptre, o'er th' evanid clay;
Hence only can our mortal feelings know,
Some foretaste of a promis'd Heav'n below,
Immortaliz'd by this, we hail the tomb,
The op'ning portal of the life to come;
Our rich inheritance beyond the grave,
Bought with the blood of Him, who died to save:
Then rise, my soul, from fatal dreams arise,
To seek these fadeless treasures in the skies,
Exempt from moth, or mould, or loss, or pain,
Where love ineffable, and transport reign.

THE

WANDERING MINSTREL.

The Grave.

WRITTEN IN BROXBOURNE CHURCH YARD, HERTS.

IN yon old tow'r, whose ivy'd bow'r,
Round it's pointed arches creeping;
O'ershades the bed of the lonely dead,
On Earth's cold pillow sleeping:

The solemn bell, rings the fun'ral knell,
The tale of death relating:
Flinging around, it's sullen sound,
Upon the soul vibrating:

The Grave.

The moon's pale light, on the gloom of night,
Pictures each object dreary;
There still and alone, 'neath yon grey stone,
For ever repose the weary.

Averse from day, in the pallid ray,
On midnight darkness gleaming;
Night-birds obscene, are flitting seen,
The death-song hoarsely screaming:

The fickle beam, woes the gliding stream,
Under the dark pine stealing,
Where the weeping fay, sighs o'er the clay,
Anon the low dirge pealing:

There friends are seen, on the turf grass-green,
Which shrouds the dust decaying;
And the widow there, with sacred tear,
Her last sad tribute paying:

Tho' with stealing pace, Death's cold embrace,
The once lov'd form's pervading;
In the orphan's sigh, in each swol'n eye,
His mem'ry lives unfading.

The Grave.

Where wild flow'rs wave, o'er the silent grave,
Their fragrant incense breathing;
And yon antique yew, weeps tears of dew,
Its stem, fantastic wreathing:

Philomel there, sings a requiem air
On the low winds, sweetly flying;
The plaintive wail, soft swells the gale
In choral sadness sighing.

Where the righteous sleeps, thus Nature weeps
O'er the urn, his dust containing:
And no shade unblest, invades his rest,
The sacred spot profaning:

But in hallow'd hour, by Fancy's pow'r,
Seraphic sounds creating;
Angels attend, their sleeping friend;
The joyful morn awaiting:

Array'd in light, their glory bright,
The beams of day disclosing,
Dispels the gloom which invests the tomb,
His sainted dust inclosing:

The Grave.

But the soul is flown, to realms unknown,
Sweet symphonies resounding;
And to cloudless skies, the dust shall rise,
Celestial rays surrounding:

In those regions bright, of radiant light,
No earthly dread defacing;
Love's purest band, shall wide expand,
Eternity embracing

Stanzas,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.*

THE purple glow of day begins to fade,
And hears its requiem in the vesper bell;
The deeper silence of the sacred shade,
Re-echoes to the soul the solemn knell.

While o'er the hallow'd ground we living tread,
Soft, let us pause, and from each friendly tomb,
That shrouds the ashes of the mould'ring dead,
Receive the awful presage of our doom.

---

*Coopersale, Essex.

Stanzas in a Country Church Yard.

Mark where yon' proud mausoleum lifts its urn,
Boasting the wealth its tenant once possest:
Pride rears the pile, with fatal pride we burn,
Unthinking we are fragile at the best.

When stretch'd upon the icy bed of death,
And all the vital functions vibrate slow,
Can sordid gold arrest the fleeting breath,
Or bid the crimson tide again to flow?

Within the precincts of the holy fane,
The presence temple of the King of Kings,
(Where deep humility our hearts should rein,
Where angels veil their faces in their wings;)

Ancestral honours, titles, place, and pow'r,
In long array, excite the rising sigh!
Where are they?—forfeit to the fatal hour,
And prostrate underneath the marble lie.

Vain man! swift gliding down the ebbing stream
Of earth-born joy, which like a vapour flies,
Writes o'er the ashes of his sires, their dreams,
Their state inherits, dreams, and also dies.

Stanzas in a Country Church Yard.

Beneath this simple stone, the good man sleeps;
Its best adornment tells "here lies the just;"
Each heart, each eye, his honor'd mem'ry weeps,
And kindred seraphs watch the sacred dust.

His life display'd the course his precepts taught,
Within the line prescrib'd he ever trod;
With holy zeal his Master's battles fought,
And now he triumphs with his Saviour GOD.

Vers'd in the page of universal lore,
The sage beholds its downward progress grow;
Ransacks and culls the philosophic store,
But all his science yields to Death's fell blow.

E'en Beauty, deck'd with ev'ry winning charm,
To draw and fix the wide admiring crowd;
No more awakes the tender, soft alarm,
The earth her mantle, and her robe the shroud.

Sweet are the blushing beauties of the rose,
Sweet are the odours which around it fly,
Cheer'd by the influence of the sun it glows,
But winter comes, its beauties fade and die.

Stanzas in a Country Church Yard.

See where the strong man writhes beneath the dart,
While groans convulsive bursting from his breast,
Confess the anguish of his tortur'd heart,
Reluctant dragg'd to stand the awful test.

The heaving sod with twisted osiers bound,
Points out the mansions of the humbler dead,
To dust return'd, the young, the gay around
Their ample lesson to the living spread.

Thus have we seen an unrelenting blast,
Commission'd with destruction from on high,
Tear up the tenants of the forest vast,
And all in undistinguish'd ruin lie.

Since then one gen'ral never-failing doom,
Consigns us to the cold and darksome grave;
With eager wishes soar beyond the tomb,
And mercy seek of Him who died to save.

Oh! may we ever tread "the narrow way,"
'Till life's dim setting-star no more shall burn,
Then shall we hail with joy approaching day,
And leave this sweet memorial on our urn:

EPITAPH.

Here sleeps his dust by feelings once adorn'd,
  Just, pious, humble, friendly and sincere,
In each relation all the angel dawn'd,
  Which angels saw, and mov'd him to their sphere.

With ev'ry virtue glowing in his soul,
  Resign'd the gloomy vale of tears he trod;
Onward he press'd towards the promis'd goal,
  The presence of his Maker and his GOD.

Tho' mould'ring here the earthly casket lies,
  Whence soaring up the tenant spirit fled;
Rob'd with etherial splendour it shall rise,
  And quit the gloomy mansions of the dead.

Lo! where, with well-turn'd imitative art,
  The sculptor's chissel to these cherubs gave
A striking emblem of their chosen part,
  To hold a lasting vigil o'er his grave.

The Convict's Appeal.

" Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain Mercy."

Matthew, chap. v. verse 7.

FROM these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where stern vindictive Justice only dwells,
Where no atonements angry laws appease,
Unlike the milder tone of Heav'n's decrees,
My soul gives utt'rance to her bleeding woes,
The cancer'd wounds which Death alone must close;
The past regrets, with unrelenting pain,
And, hope extinguish'd, ne'er can cheer again,
Attendant horrors on the present wait,
In dark conjectures on a future state:
Dragg'd by your arm before th' eternal bar,
In youth rebellious, and while passions war,

The Convict's Appeal.

I feel my guilt, I bend and kiss the rod,
That arms the hand of an-offended GOD;
Quick conscience startled, wakes her kindred fears,
Which quench the ray of mercy that appears;
Thus urg'd, to you I make this last appeal,
And, may Heav'n grant, 'twill teach your hearts to feel.

From GOD alone the vital essence came,
To GOD alone belongs th' ethereal frame;
Bethink, ye ministers of law severe,
Before his judgment-seat you must appear,
And when the awful record is unrol'd,
May want that mercy which you now with-hold:
Oh! tell me where in all the sacred page,
One word is found to justify your rage?
And whence the high commission you assume,
To seal with mortal lips, a mortal's doom?*
Sophistic is the inference you draw,
That man's assenting voice creates the law;

* James, chap. iv. verse 12. There is one lawgiver who is able to save and to dstroy; who art thou that judgest another?

The Convict's Appeal.

And having made the law, when he offends,
The fatal sentence on himself depends:
Point out that law, and I will urge no more,
Whose lib'ral tenor owns consenting poor;
Granted that rank and wealth are not prefer'd,
But ev'ry lowly being's voice is heard;
Granted that pow'r does not some laws ordain,
Lest her own luxury should suffer pain;
What right has man his Maker's gifts to spurn,
And bid the spark he kindled, cease to burn?
By these your pleas, at once is justified
And urg'd, the dreadful, impious suicide.

The very sentence which confirms my fate,
To these my sad complainings lends its weight:
What feelings can an earthly judge controul,
With solemn pray'r to GOD to spare the soul;
To Heav'n's high court the sound accusing flies,
Which asks for mercy that itself denies;
Where justice forms the pillar of His throne,
That sentence lives which p'rhaps may prove your own.*

* St. Matthew, chap. vii. verse 1 and 2. Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall

The Convict's Appeal.

" Forgive thy creature, Lord, as he forgives,"
This equal spirit in his precepts lives;
In your next orisons emit a pray'r,
Which Heav'n receives, and puts on record there.

Religion's holy influence sheds a balm;
Her sacred oracles my tremblings calm;
Sweet mercy shines throughout th' inspir'd lore,
And truths on record prove the bounteous store;
There we behold the GOD incarnate bleed
And die—for those who did the fatal deed:
The dying thief, impal'd within his view,
Besought His mercy, and he felt it too;*
Thro' Heav'n's glad regions louder triumphs roll,
And hail the bright accession of a soul;†

---

be judged. James, chap. ii. verse 13. For he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy, and mercy rejoiceth against judgment.

* St. Luke, chap. xxiii. verse 43. And Jesus said unto him, verily, I say unto thee, to day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

† St. Luke, chap. xv. verse 7. I say unto you that joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.

The Convict's Appeal.

The theme exulting, angel tongues employs,
And crowns beatitude with higher joys;
The soul redeem'd become the honor'd guest,*
A pledge of sovereign love adorns the feast:
And yet shall mortal man his kind betray,
When Heav'n directs and leads the milder way!
Shall angel's triumphs to His footstool rise,
And speak the joy which hails their living prize!
Shall GOD himself the bright example give,
And die for sinners that themselves might live!
And yet shall man with frail, unhallow'd breath,
Consign his fellow to the shades of death,
All unappointed, and, for ought we know,
His fate to bear interminable woe.

The stars of affluence at your birth arose,
And high advantages to you disclose,

* St. Luke, chap. xv. verse 22, 23, 24. But the father said to his servants, bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry, for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.

The Convict's Appeal.

By these your mind enlarg'd, your sense refin'd,
You trace the source of ill in human kind,
The springs of action,—nay, but search your own,
Your heart will tell you I am not alone;
You learn corruption, ever since the fall,
Has been the dark inheritance of all;
You know wild passions uncorrected rage,
Where knowledge never op'd th' instructive page;
Too oft have venial culprits hardly dy'd,
For breaking laws they knew not, not defy'd;
That poverty has ample stores of grief,
And tortur'd nature seeks of course relief,
Expos'd to want, ten thousand snares entice,
And veil with gradual stealth the monster Vice;
From these remov'd, from you temptation flies,
And yet for these your hapless brother dies.

For me, alas! I drew a feigned bill,
When need hard struggled with reluctant will;
My hope, too sanguine, to the tempter leans,
That pregnant fortune would produce the means;
But here deceiv'd, expos'd before the time,
No single being feels th' intended crime.

The Convict's Appeal.

Oh! if the terrors of my soul you knew,
The pangs of conscience—but perhaps you do,
Sure Pity in your yielding breast would plead,
Strict Justice weigh, and then forgive the deed.

Bright honor's offspring, sanction'd, struggling pride,
Which seeks the rags of poverty to hide,
Lest indolence or vice should be suppos'd,
To draw that fate which o'er my head has clos'd;
To shield from pain the partner of my life,
My kindest friend, my poor dependant wife;
The lisping voice which wakes a father's care,
And ask'd for bread when there was none to share,
The beaming smile, the dawning infant grace,
Which speak incipient genius in the face,
Which plead for culture, and direct a dart
That tears a passage to a parent's heart;
The dreadful present and my future fears,
My wife's mute anguish,—starving children's tears;
These were the claims which urg'd me to my doom,
And drag me prematurely to the tomb:
For ah! to me the equal means deny'd,
The father trespass'd, or my babes had died;

The Convict's Appeal.

For these, I dar'd to do the fatal deed,
For which, alas! their hapless sire must bleed;
And not on me alone descends the blame,
These too must bear ignominy and shame,
Dire want, with all her dark attendant train,
With tyrant fangs will o'er their beings reign.

Inverted policy your judgment rules,
Thus reason speaks, and thus her ancient schools:*
The dreadful penalties the crime exceed,
When starving culprits thro' their hunger bleed;
Say what the utmost ill that could arise
From guilt for which your hapless victim dies?
Some empty gaude, some lux'ry unsupply'd,
Which wealth demands to soothe her pamper'd pride:
E'en poverty, its sad effects might pain,
And snatch the morsels which her sons sustain;
Strip the poor wretch to pay the just demand,
Till all is gone, yet stay your fatal hand,

* Exodus, chap. 21, verse 23, 24, 25. But if any mischief follow, then thou shalt give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe.

The Convict's Appeal.

Enslave his body, yet set free his soul,
And endless blessings o'er your head shall roll.

No greater suff'rings dark assassins feel,
Whose hands remorseless lift the reeking steel,
From whom affrighted Nature back recoils,
And dooms the wretch to his own murd'rous toils:*
When vicious folly sees that blood is spilt,
In all the intermediate shades of guilt,
The disproportion'd penalty in time,
Confounds the just distinction of the crime;
The rushing tide of sin destroys the mound,
And breaks the bar which moral feeling bound:
Thus fatal laws, the fatal deeds produce,
Which only make the dreadful code of use.

Think not that just restrictive laws I spurn,
Where vice prevails, and lawless passions burn;
But why to poor offenders is deny'd
The sinner's hope?—At least it should be tried;
Why draw too hard the cords well meant to bind
In social order, all the human kind?

* Genesis, chap. ix. verse 6. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

The groaning ligatures condemn the strain,
And bursting, prove the needless torture vain;
The rod with which correction purg'd the land,
Is turn'd a scorpion in Oppression's hand;
Which stings to death the lowly and the mean,
While licens'd vice in higher ranks is seen;
The law for general protection made,
Has left its office, and the tyrant play'd;
Contracted policy has fix'd her throne,
Where temper'd Justice should preside alone.

This vain appeal no mercy gains for me,
Teach me, O GOD! to fix my hopes on Thee,
Then shall my relict wife find aid above,
My infant orphans all a father's love:
Then, when this anguish'd heart its throbs shall cease,
The ministers of Heav'n will whisper peace;
Then shall forgiveness dry my closing eyes,
And joys eternal from my suff'rings rise.

Disappointment.

WHEN troubles dull this chequer'd vale,
Bland Hope assists life's weary sail,
And pictures coming joy;
But soon the fairy vista o'er,
Keen Disappointment's blasts once more
The pilgrim bark annoy.

The sweet consoler lights our way
And sheds an artificial day,
When sorrow's midnight reigns:
The tir'd traveller's steps she cheers,
Relumes his smile, beguiles his tears,
And bears his cumb'ring chains.

But if by wayward fate opprest,
Repeated woes his peace invest,
Not Hope can charm his care;
The vain appeal no longer heard,
The heart grows sick with hope defer'd,
And prostrates in despair.

When by the Tempter thus betray'd,
And cheated of some courted shade,
Frail pageantry, if giv'n;
Oh, may our hallow'd views ascend,
Then shall our hopes, when time shall end,
Be realis'd in Heav'n!

Resignation.

WHEN Time, with unrelenting rage,
Imprints upon the brow of age
The silver test of years;
When sorrow, sickness, or decay,
Assail this tott'ring house of clay,
And dull its site appears.

Tho' these a bitter pang impart,
They break the spell which chains the heart,

Resignation.

To this dark vale of tears;
And urge th' enfanchis'd soul to rise,
To endless joys, in cloudless skies,
Beyond these gloomy spheres.

Should keen regrets o'ershade the past,
And swifter wing the hours that haste,
To close this scene of care;
To hail the welcome, contrite sigh,
Angel's commission'd, quit the sky,
And waft the incense there.

If disappointments Hope deride,
And set the scheme of bliss aside,
That flatters and beguiles;
Could man his futile wishes trace,
The frowns which shadow Mercy's face,
Would kindle into smiles.

Or doubts arise beyond the tomb,
Let Reason's voice dispel the gloom,
Which baseless still must prove;
Form'd and supported by his hand,
We creatures, living records stand
Of everlasting love.

Resignation.

If friends unkind with fortune fly,
Forgetful of each ancient tie,
While on life's sea we roam;
Though wintry storms tempestuous roar,
They cast us on a friendlier shore,
And bear our spirits home.

The softer joys that love imparts,
Are snares which bind our captive hearts,
And steal our thoughts from GOD;
Fond Nature sorrows o'er their grave,
But mercy takes what mercy gave,
And points the heav'nly road.

Then cease to grasp the transient joys,
Whose brightest charms a breath destroys,
Nor wants unreal forge:
View with the eye of faith your GOD,
Acknowledge mercy in his rod,
And kiss the wholesome scourge.

Friendship.

COME, Friendship, purest, sweetest flow'r,
That grows in life's evanid bow'r,
Thy vot'ries with thee bring;
Who, every selfish thought dismiss,
Whose gen'rous bosoms scatter bliss,
Or blast misfortune's sting.

Who seek the bed where grief and pain,
Bind Nature with a fest'ring chain,
And half the anguish spare:
Or brighter scenes their hours employ,
Divide, the gay, enliv'ning joy,
Yet feel a greater share.

Those know the value of a friend,
Whose just pursuits together blend,
While Heav'n vouchsafes them breath;
Whose kindred souls in union fly,
To seek a mansion in the sky,
Unsever'd e'en in death.

Friendship.

Not those whom vulture passion tears,
Associate in pleasure's snares,
Who grasp her sting and die;
While Virtue's sons can smile serene,
And view beyond this earthly scene,
A prospect of the sky.

Not him whom sordid interests bind,
Within the silken tie confin'd,
The holy contract keeps;
Distrust profession's doubtful wile,
Which basks in Fortune's sunny smile,
And flies when mis'ry weeps.

Contrasted wishes seek their own,
And bear no rival near the throne,
Where self alone is seen;
Hard flints as well might taste the joys,
Collision mutually destroys,
And kindles fire between.

These prostitute the flame divine,
Displace their idol from its shrine,

The temple's soon decay'd:
Like dreams which image real bliss,
And taunt the lover with a kiss,
The shadow of a shade.

When wine and youth their warmth impart,
A morbid flush pervades the heart,
Which mocks the purer zeal;
So fervent heat ignites the ore,
But soon the transient glow is o'er,
Quick gelid to the feel;

'Tis a frail flower in life's short dream,
But built on mutual esteem,
Will stem affliction's wave;
Repel keen sorrow's cutting blast,
And when the storms of life are past,
May bloom beyond the grave.

The Soldier's Grave.*

To the *Myosotis Arvensis*, or, *Forget me not*, a beautiful wild flow'ret which blooms on the field of Waterloo.

WHERE sleep the brave on Honor's sainted bed,
Thou, lovely flow'r, art wildly seen to wave
Thy fragrant incense, o'er the valiant dead,
A blooming tribute to the Soldier's Grave:

The dews of morn, condens'd in glist'ning gems,
With crystal stream thy bending foliage lave,
While sighing breezes scatter from thy stems,
The tears of Nature, o'er the Soldier's Grave:

In union with a weeping Nation's tears,
Thus Nature mourns the relics of the brave,
And in thy buds a grateful tablet rears,
Inscrib'd by Fancy, on the Soldier's Grave:

---

* The music of this ballad, composed by Mr. Hook, may be had of Messrs. Bland and Weller, Oxford Street.

The Soldier's Grave.

Forget me not, in silent tones they say,
While spring revives thy blossoms o'er the brave,
An earnest of that great triumphant day,
When Angels shall unclose the Soldier's Grave:

The Host celestial, sound the charge "arise,"
And on their bosoms bear the waking brave,
Who thus upborne, will change in op'ning skies,
A crown of Glory for the Soldier's Grave.

ON THE VANITY OF EARTHLY PURSUITS.

STRANGE! that the soul sublim'd to grace a throne,
Loves her dull tenure in this vale of tears,
Fond Nature still triumphant, drags us on
Thro' cheated hopes and disappointed cares.

On the vanity of earthly pursuits.

Strange! that the spirit, heir of endless day,
An emanation from its forming God,
Courts the dim night that circling wraps the clay,
Its transient and imprisoning abode.

Love, feeble pow'r, yet almost angel fair,
Raises a magic heav'n of 'witching form,
But soon as wint'ry clouds bedim the air,
Claps his light wings and fleets upon the storm.

The flame of friendship glimmers in the blast,
Pride stoops, Hope fails, fade youth and vernal bloom,
A mortal sentence on the earth is past,
And all its shadows vanish in the tomb.

Weeping the wreck of ev'ry earth-born joy,
From the drear ruin, Lord, I fain would flee,
Faith points to heav'n for bliss without alloy,
And whispers sweetly to my soul of thee.

Help me to turn from this diurnal scene,
Pictur'd with feeble, false, and fleeting charms;
Lord, on thy tender bosom let me lean,
And find my soul's best lover in thine arms:

Then in the arms of everlasting love,
Loos'd from the shackles of embasing clay,
'Midst the eternal bow'rs of love I'll rove,
The courts of bliss, the native springs of day.

THE TRESPASS OF ACHAN.

OR, THE

PROGRESS OF SIN.

"When I *saw* among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, &c. then I *coveted* them and *took* them."

Joshua, chap. vii. verse 21.

THE eye beholds forbidden charms,
And roves in Fancy's fairy bow'r,
Where vapours float with circling balms,
And venom lurks in ev'ry flow'r.

The Trespass of Achan.

The captive soul desires her doom,
Conceal'd beneath the semblance fair,
And longs to cull the traitor bloom,
Nor sees destruction latent there:

Impel'd to seize the fatal gem,
Weak, willing flesh, the agent slave,
Plucks the fair poison from the stem,
And sinks at once into the grave.

Whilst pilgrim on this transient ball,
Lest syren Vanity I see,
Lord! fill mine eyes, mine heart, mine all,
And warm my soul with love for Thee.

Stanzas,

On the Death of his late Majesty GEORGE III.

THE night-winds of Heav'n creep mournfully by,
And rise on the soul as a requiem sigh,
While Nature's full choir swells the hymn of the dead,
Weep—Queen of the Isles! for your glory is fled.

Stanzas on the Death of Geo. III.

The slow stealing tides roll murmuring near,
And break their blue billows in many a tear,
Respond the wild surges that weep on the shore,
Mourn, Isle of the Sea! for your pride is no more.

The nightingale's vespers ring wild thro' the vale,
And she mingles her 'plaints with the sighs of the gale,
The deep midnight chorus so solemn and sweet,
As sad, but more soft—whisp'ring echoes repeat.

The moon lights the dew drops all glistening and bright,
And bathes her wan ray in the tears of the night,
A cold beam she throws over temple and tow'r, *
To light up and hallow the funeral hour.

Now minstrelsy sad, in its tenderest tone,
Low melody pours o'er the sepulchre stone,
And the arch-band of Heav'n, the sweet concert share,
To soothe the lov'd relics soft slumbering there.

Come Valour thy soul to meet sorrow resign,
Nor blush at a tear should it fall on the shrine,

* Windsor.

Stanzas on the Death of Geo. III.

Angels weep with consent, when a Hero appears,
And relieves his full soul in a current of tears.

Come Beauty, and weep o'er the consecrate urn,
Enshrining a heart which thy vot'ry did burn,
Come Loyalty, Liberty, Virtue, and bend
At the tomb of your Prince, your Father, your Friend.

Insatiate Death!—in that sorrowing hour,
Were withered at once the stem and the flower;
Weep, Isle of the Ocean, weep land of the brave,
For the stars of thy glory are set in the grave.

Yet, as Spring shall reverse stern Winter's dread doom,
Again stars will rise and flow'rets bloom,
To the grave's regal tenants, Heav'n's spring-time is giv'n,
And their spirits shall rise in the empire of Heav'n.

Elegiac Stanzas,

On the Death of an amiable young Lady.

THO' grief of the soul may impel the fast tear,
And hallow the sorrow which saddens us here,
Yet, let not a tear to vain sorrow be giv'n,
The angel we mourn, is an angel of Heav'n.

Sweet influence dispensing, like stars as they roll,
Her eyes spoke the generous stamp of her soul,
On her cheek, wildest Fancy might satiate there,
The lovely twin-sisters of twin-roses fair.

But, the eye of such lustre, the cheek of such bloom,
Are faded and veil'd in the depths of the tomb;
Too lovely for earth, thou, blest vision, did'st flee,
To meet sister seraphs, fit converse for thee.

Evanescent, but bright, was thy promising stay,
Like the dew drops of eve which the morn wears away;
So the brightness of Heav'n o'ershadow'd thy night,
And dissolv'd thy sweet clay to a spirit of light.

Tho' the winter of life may our wishes condemn,
And wither the blossoms that liv'd on that stem,
To Heav'n's brighter courts let our prospects arise,
For there our blest advocate dwells, in the Skies.

ATTEMPTED IMITATION OF

Thomas Moore, Esq.

NOW thy beauties blush bright and all lovely thou art,
With devotion I turn to thine arms,
Thy bosom mine altar, its incense my heart,
And I kneel at the shrine of thy charms;
So the Indian, when Sol in his majesty soars,
Beholds the bright miracle move,
And with kindling emotion he burns and adores,
And worships the God of his love.

Attempted Imitation of Thomas Moore, Esq.

Should sorrow, or sickness, e'er wither that rose,
Which blooms with sweet freshness in thee,
Mine eyes on the blight would eternally close,
And exclude all but mem'ry of thee:
And as time's stealing tides to eternity roll,
And thy spirit immortal shall bear,
Thine eventide splendour shall light up my soul,
And reflect thy noon radiance there.

Or, the angel of Death claim the girl I adore,
And address his commission to thee,
The sigh that announces thy struggle is o'er,
Will form a sweet summons for me;
With the angel my fancy has pictur'd so fair,
I'll soar from *this* Heav'n of love,
And its dreams of delight will be realiz'd there
In the lasting elysium above.

Stanzas.

HOW sweet is pleasure after pain is gone,
Contrast's the soul of joy—of every thing;
No rose were sweet unguarded by a thorn,
And honey were as gall without the sting.
Woe's the heir-loom of life and with us born,
Man sorrows into being—e'en a King:
Well, 'tis our portion, but in mercy giv'n,
As a contrasting shade, to brighten Heav'n.

Sweet is the breath of the unsullied dawn,
Filter'd thro' flow'rs, and settled into dew;
Sweet the lark's matin from the May-flow'r'd thorn,
And sweet day's beams which animate the view;
Sweet are the laughing hours of life's young morn,
When all delights,—is beautiful and new,
Fresh, fair, not school'd in life's dishonest mart,
But sanctified th' emotions of the heart.

Stanzas.

Sweet is the blush of even, when the Sun
Lowers his beams, in Ocean's flood to lave,
All splendid, (like a Hero) riding down
To seek and glorify his wat'ry grave;
Sweet the mild splendour of the silver moon,
Kissing, in wanton dallianee, the wave,
Then all is ealm and holy,—thought and sight
Enehanted,—bless the Sabbath of the night.

Sweet is returning Spring, when leaf and flow'r
Bursting their embryo—waken into bloom,
Impregnate by the Sun's aseending pow'r,
Open'd and vivified is Nature's womb;
Teeming with harvest hopes, and every hour
Her varied features, richer tints assume:
Thus the fond parent of a hopeful heir,
Looks on the boy, and dreams of Summer there.

Dream, did I say!—it is a bubble joy,
Poor bankrupt miser, vaunting late "'tis mine,"
Thy very soul was eenter'd in thy boy,
And there thy whole affections did entwine;
His lisp, his smile, his tear, all thoughts employ,
Heav'n's prejudice, and (but for Heav'n) thine;

Stanzas.

This prob'd thy morbid heart, and to allay the sore,
Resum'd thine idol—tremble and adore.

And is not Summer sweet, when clust'ring vines,
And luscious fruit'ries, luring to the eye,
Pregnant with riches like Potosi's mine,
Invite and urge to licens'd luxury?
Sweet in voluptuous languor to recline,
Screen'd from the ardour of the glowing sky;
Till Autumn comes, and plays the harvest part,
To fill the barn, the cellar, and the heart.

Winter is sweet too, when the fleecy show'r
Falls light, like down, upon dismantled trees,
In Heavn's apparel clothes the naked bow'r,
Harden'd to coral by the chilling breeze:
In this new substitute for leaf and flow'r,
Cold winter's bloom, creative Fancy sees:
And very sweet,—of Englishmen the pride,
The social influence of their own fire-side.

Tho' travel'd I, yet I did never rove
Where sweeter beauties bless, than Albion's isle;
What are their hearts?—the very home of love,
And then what magic in their native smile!

Stanzas.

The spell is softness,—reckless should I prove,
Sweet land of Beauty, in this world's turmoil:
Then may I want a heart which these can bless,
With that sweet Heav'n on earth, a woman's tenderness.

'Tis sweet to wander in the Poet's themes,
Amid'st the shad'wy structures Fancy rears,
Sweet are the blest illusions of his dreams,
And visions, peopling his imagin'd spheres;
His fire of spirit, and his soul's sun-beams,
Flash on the heart, and wake congenial tears;
Sweet are those tears, mute tongues of feeling heart,
And trophies to his soul-subduing art.

But, when contrasting sarcasm laughs at woe,
So sadly pictur'd, yet, so little felt,
E'en by the Muse who taught the tear to flow,
Or, mov'd the heart with sympathy to melt:
When ribald splendour cancels the chaste glow,
Which ev'ry page with lavish beauty dealt;
When such perverted excellence we see,
Amaz'd, we weep, Childe Harold, then for thee!

Stanzas.

This my exordium— should you question why
I thus have trespass'd on your time so long—
Chance 'twill be seen the moral will apply
In the eventful process of my song;
I cry you mercy! for untaught am I,
And boast no friendly censor—be I wrong;
Nature's my *alma mater*, and my rules
Are form'd on axioms taught in Nature's schools.

In Cambria's land—where moss-grown rocks arise,
(Grave of the Bard—yet pregnant with his fire,)
Whose emerald summits kiss the azure skies,
And as of old, poetic souls inspire;
The smiling valley of Festiniog lies,
Whose beauties wak'd erewhile no common lyre,*
Who deem'd that blest with love, a book, a Friend,
This terrene paradise Heav'n scarce would mend.

Soft as the scene the balmy zephyrs rose,
And curl'd the stilly lake, the bed of rills,
Which murm'ring melody there sought repose
Beneath the summer freshness of the hills;

* Lord Lyttleton.

Stanzas.

Green with young harvest, or secur'd from foes
White flocks indulg'd the luxury Nature yields;
All was so still and calm, like infant's sleep,
Nature unceasing Sabbath seem'd to keep.

There the broad ocean-landscape spreading lies
And wanton sun-beams on its waters play,
Or Sol to western regions wonted flies,
Tracking with golden waves his parting way:
Here mountain barriers rushing to the skies,
Rise to anticipate the beams of day,
Or fling their friendly shade o'er mead and bow'r,
To 'suage the fervor of the noontide hour.

Or on those native ramparts mossy side,
Cold Dian show'rs her hallowing silver beam,
Or where the rippling waters dancing glide,
Bathes her chaste brilliance in the mirror stream,
And casts her languid ray o'er earth and tide,
Lighting the heart to love, the minstrel to his dream,
In such a lovely hour, such scene as this,
Enter at last—*personæ dramatis.*

Stanzas.

In the recesses of this lovely vale,
Like Eden blest with beauty, love, and peace,
Bloom'd its fair Eve—bright Gwyneth of the dale,
Whose voice was music and whose smile was bliss ;
And there young Owen whisper'd love's first tale,
And snatch'd its spring-flow'r in a virgin kiss ;
That hour of life of most prevailing madness,
Pregnant with swelling joy, or soul sick sadness.

The rose will wither tho' it sweetly bloom,
Contrasted with the vermeil of her cheek,
Vi'lets may breathe around their sweet perfume,
But sweeter fragrance breathes if Gwyneth speak ;
Snows chaste from Wyddfa, meet an instant doom,
Thawing to tears of envy—in wild freak,
Should sea-pearls cluster round a coral stem,
Her lips divide and fling a shade o'er them.

A settled softness mark'd her swimming eye,
Silent confession spoke in glances there,
There love and tenderness might ambush'd lie,
And eyes and hearts fall captive in the snare ;
Not but that soul-beams lightened too—and I
Should fail—were I presumptuously to dare

Stanzas.

With the bright sketch to ornament my song,
For it were rash to gaze— and mad to gaze for long.

The graceful ringlets of her glossy hair,
Curl'd like vine tendrils on her breast of snow,
Half veiling, foil'd love's sanctuary fair—
Let not the enamour'd muse licentious grow,
Profane the sacred sweet elysium there,
Or cause that breast with maiden shame to glow;
Or spread vermilion on that glowing white,
Tho' I must own a virgin's blush is bright.

Beauty! thou art a leading star to Heav'n,
And in thy train celestial converts move;
Impell'd by thee to stainless paths we're driv'n,
Happy and blest, if beauty but approve;
Fair guest from Heav'n! by bounteous Heaven giv'n,
To chain the soul to virtue, thee, and love;
Let the heart love sincerely, and I swear,
Unholy passions will be exiles there.

Oh! Love sincere, beatitude below,
Foretaste and type of Heav'n's eternal bliss,
When bland affections fast entwining grow,
Souls marry souls, and kiss contracts for kiss;

Stanzas.

Love is an angel's passion,—seraph's glow,
Creating an elysian world in this:
Nor do men err, because the saints above
Rejoice (we're told) to be belov'd and love.

Yet tho' a star, shrouded are hearts in gloom,
Where young love springs which Beauty cannot bless,
Love lives by love, its absence is its doom,
Communion is alone love's happiness:
Else pales the cheek and withers beauty's bloom,
And pines the heart in widow'd tenderness:
Like the live tortures of Promethean pain,
Sighing for pity it can ne'er obtain.

But what is beauty, where does beauty lie,
And where its local habitation and its name?
Not the rose-tinted cheek or sparkling eye,
'Tis a creation of each lover's brain:
Were beauty definite, 'twere vain to sigh,
All men must clash, for all must love the same:
Beauty's a non-descript—perhaps on the whole,
Like love, its offspring—sympathy of soul.

Stanzas.

Alas! that features of celestial mould,
Lighted by feeling, and enrich'd with bloom,
Must ever lie dull, passionless, and cold,
In the eternal winter of the tomb;
There the rude worm revels his slimy fold,
(No courtier he) o'er prostrate beauty's doom:
All is idolatry the grave will prove;
The blaze of beauty and the breath of love.

Rapt Owen gaz'd and thought his Gwyneth fair,
Deep in his bosom sank Love's missile dart;
He caught her eye, and read new lessons there,
And then sick tremor flutter'd at his heart,
Big with emotions high enough to bear,
As those can tell who've play'd the lover's part;
Then as the poet somewhere sweetly sings,
He thought and look'd unutterable things.

Who has not felt, but him whose heart is cold,
When eyes inspir'd by mutual feeling meet,
What silent, rapturous intercourse they hold,
The eyes I deem are Love's imperial seat;

Stanzas.

These all the mysteries of the soul unfold,
And bow the lover to his idol's feet:
Much had he said, but that his beating heart
Forbade his tongue his feelings to impart.

Nature is very kind in all such cases,
Sighs pass for oaths, thoughts breathe, looks whisper, and
She writes expression in mute lover's faces,
Or speaks by silent pressure of the hand,
A gentle hint, inviting close embraces,
Which hint accepted, proves they understand:
Now tho' no sound, no word, nor whisper mov'd,
She knew he lov'd—he knew he was belov'd.

Trembling, he knew not why, he did not dare
Turn to her red-ripe lips, wooing to bliss,
And yet unconsciously he travel'd there,
His lips met hers and joining, made a kiss,
Just like the first-born kiss of Eden's pair,
Warm, spiritual, and soul-born,—then each sees,
Fir'd by love's close collision, flashing rise
The corruscations of impassion'd eyes.

Stanzas.

Not priceless pearls which deck an Asian bride,
Love's dazzled vision heeds, nor sparkling gem,
Not titles, riches, all the pomp of pride,
Nor even an imperial diadem;
What is the exil'd world, or aught beside?
Love is the world's epitome to them,
And nought to them can equal bliss impart,
With heav'nly empire in dear woman's heart.

In Eastern story you have read I deem
How once a cobler filled a caliph's throne;
My case may very like the cobler's seem,
Driving Parnassian horse-flesh like my own:
Ah me! I must forget my darling theme,
Honor for empty pockets won't atone,
My muse gives sorry wages, I must better her,
I'll stick to business—therefore "*desunt cætera.*"

Norwood.

FREED from the haunts of civic care,
Be mine to breathe the rural air,
By vivid Fancy warm'd and led,
Where Norwood's hills the landscape spread
Not Hybla's vale such odours yields,
As rise from Mitcham's rose-deck'd fields,
And native sweets of Norwood's bow'rs,
Ambrosial shrubs and cultur'd flow'rs,
To fill the air with rich perfume,
When spring arrays the earth in bloom.

When the blue concave is serene,
No clouds or shadows intervene,
On some green bank that crowns the vale,
Be mine the fragrance to inhale,
And listen to the sullen roar,
By passing breezes wafted o'er,

Norwood.

The hum of cities, hives of men,
Where int'rest leads her selfish train,
Envy, Deceit, or Care intrudes,
And gen'rous souls are solitudes,
In peopled crouds to exile hurl'd,
The laugh and plunder of the world;
Then turn from earth to Heav'n's light,
Where all is calm, serene, and bright,
Dream of its angel tenants fair,
And long to rove a spirit there;
Not that Heav'n's work in ruin lies,
Earth's yet a blooming paradise,
Pregnant with sweets and prone to bless,
'Tis men that form the wilderness,
And with a strange relentless hate,
A dark *aceldama* create,
(Parents of parricidal woes,)
Where an eternal Eden glows,
And vainly lures to life's repose;
Where gen'rous social love is giv'n,
It blesses as the dew of Heav'n,
And like the Widow's cruise receives
Usurious bliss, whene'er it gives.

Or stretch'd beneath the verdant shade,
To hold communion with the dead,
Pore o'er the sweet instructive page,
Pen'd by the minstrel, seer, or sage;
Stars intellectual, earth past by,
Join'd to the galaxy on high,
Yet in their works, their beams, we see
A monumental legacy.

And it were sweet at leisure hour,
Enshrin'd within a blooming bow'r,
To con the beauties of each flow'r;
Tho' these nor toil nor spin, they are
Richly apparel'd—hous'd in air,
Mocking of Heav'n's bow each hue,
Painted by light, and fed by dew,
And symbols of our mortal clay,
Eterniz'd in their own decay:—
Or watch for day's arising orb,
When nought but wild-birds' notes disturb
The silence of the waning night,
And hail the dawn of holy light,

Norwood.

Fountain whence life and luxury stream,
Offspring of that prolific beam;
Till sinking in the glowing west,
Approach the opiate hours of rest,
And darkness curtains Nature's sleep,
Except where minstrels vigil keep,
To view the firmament of light,
Deck'd with the glowing gems of night;
Or turn where stealing waters glide,
To mark upon the mirror-tide,
Heav'n's canopy inverted seem
A firmament beneath the stream.

And now excursive let us roam,
Where Dulwich rears the sacred dome,
Or over Herne's sweet bosom rove,
Deck'd with casino, hall, and grove,
Villa, and vista, dale, and hill,
Italia's graces, Albion still.—
There Art and Nature struggling vie,
For the ascendant mastery;
Sporting with Zephyr, Nature meets
With Art, who binds her wand'ring sweets

Norwood.

With spells of grace,—and thus disarms
The morbid lux'ry of her charms ;
By each some heighten'd feature giv'n,
Their union forms an earthly Heav'n,
For city souls to rest from toil,
And quit the madding world's turmoil.

And now upon our devious way,
O'er Peckham's Rise and meads we stray,
Where earth in blooming beauty drest,
Wakes warm devotion in the breast,
Or Collyer's graces sweet and clear,
Make proselyte each list'ning ear,
Matter so moulded points to God,
And Collyer's mind illumes the road ;
In him no charlatan we view,
Philosopher and Christian too ;
Doctrines thus urg'd more force impart,
Shap'd to the head as well as heart.

Now is the wand'ring minstrel found,
Treading on consecrated ground,
Here Science had an altar fane,
Here did the social virtues reign,

Norwood.

Here merit found a patron friend,
And woe was only known—to end;
Strong in the Esculapian art,
Death only struck with broken dart,
To weep his name the Muses love,
Lettsom, the genius of the grove!*
Hail! sainted shade, to thee belong
A nation's tears,—the muses' song,
And while the muse her homage pays,
The subject consecrates her lays.

If scenes more rural Fancy please,
Trace Beck'nam's spire amidst the trees,
A distant land-mark still is seen,
Its white oppos'd to neighb'ring green,
Contrasted beauty brighter glows,
Like sables on Canadian snows.

Come view with me at Westhoe's hill,
Its beauteous views, its rustic mill,

* Camberwell.

Norwood.

The woods, the plains, the hall, the bow'r,
The distant temple, town, and tow'r;
Wide fields of rich maturing corn,
Waving "all hail!" to rising morn;
Fair meads with dew-gems glitt'ring bright,
Loaded with beams of Summer light;
And flocks and herds, to whom is giv'n
T' *enjoy* the harvest-home of Heav'n;
In pastures fed, refresh'd by rills,
Reckless of past, or coming ills;—
Man reaps the fruits the Heav'n's prepare,
But dregs the bowl of bliss with care;
Nor is he wrong! for Heav'n has sent
(Divorce from Earth,) pale discontent;
Tho' floods of earthly pleasure roll,
They satiate the immortal soul,
Conscious inheritor of day,
The angel struggles thro' the clay,
Till tenant of that bright abode,
The magnet presence of his God!

Now listen to the lark's sweet notes,
As in the ethereal heights she floats;

Norwood.

Where due—she tunes her anthem lays,
Soaring to Heav'n to sing its praise;
Or cuckoos on the woody spray,
Prophetic hailing coming May;
For once monotony is sweet,
Where these their changeless notes repeat,
Because associate thoughts arise,
Of Summer fruits and Summer skies:—
Or as the shades of night prevail,
To Philomela's love-lorn tale;
In luxury of sound it flows,
Till Penge re-echoes with her woes:
These harmony o'er silence fling,
Fill'd by the chorus night-winds sing,
While Cynthia's ray illuming tells
Where the soft oratorio swells;—
Thus shall the noon of midnight shine,
To those whose souls are warm like mine.

Ye votaries of wild romance,
Unearthly song and and elfin dance:
Of ladies' lorn, in dreary plight,
Of giant grasp, by hero knight,

Snatch'd, with the aid of trusty squire,
From dragon guard, enchantments dire;
Or magic trance, which nought could move
But the strong talisman of love;
And witches, wizards, ghosts, and seers,
Lo! Norwood's prescient tribe appears,
From yonder groupe beneath the tree,
Of youth in sylvan revelry,
To hear the tidings fate reveals,
A lovely maiden slily steals;
Her looks are life, her living bloom,
Would seem exempted from the tomb;
But truth, (as smitten rosebuds lie,)
Tells, even loveliness must die.

A gypsey poring o'er her hand,
In solemn conference they stand;
As pearls look whiter to the eye,
When plac'd by gems of ruby dye;
In deep attention to the tale,
Her lips apart, such pearls unveil,
Love's soft confessions bright'ning lie,
And whisper in her dewy eye;

Norwood.

There the deep sybil reads her part,
And frames a ease to reach the heart,
Of faith, unrival'd by the dove,
Of sighs, tears, vows,—the words of love;
Of bow'rs of bliss, and lasting joys,
Not Winter kills, or Time destroys:
Ah credulous! the syren leave,
For what we wish we soon believe;
Prov'd by Amintor's sparkling eyes,
(Hid by yon hawthorn bush he lies,)
In fond belief of promis'd joys,
The oracle his ear employs;
And now the sweet ingenuous maid,
Explores his covert in the shade,
Glowing with credence of his truth,
More glowing kisses bless the youth.

Would that the dream would ever last,
Nor youth (its origin) be past,
Not long these ardours may we feel,
Time quenches soon love's fervent zeal:
Though love a very despot be,
Time is more absolute than he;

Norwood.

Love asks, that heart, soul, all be giv'n—
But then the sacrifice is Heav'n:—
Like barks where Zembla's waters roll,
Age to an ice-rock chains the soul,
Chilling emotions, bright and fair,
Heart-blossoms which once flourish'd there.

Hast thou in Winter never found
When snows o'erspread the rising ground,
The leafless trees which intervene,
Stand in the fore-ground of the scene?
A plain dissection to the sight,
Painted upon a ground of white;
Branching and ramified like veins,
The pictur'd skeleton remains,
Such striking semblance that we wist,
Nature has play'd th' anatomist.
But haste! descend! for who but knows
Westhoe is cold when Winter blows.

The attic porch, the schools of Rome,
Have bow'd to Time's imperious doom;
So Knights-Hill ruin'd hall and bow'r,
Plead for the sympathetic show'r,

Norwood.

To dew the scene which Death has clos'd,
Where law and learning once repos'd:—
Tho' letter'd science dormant lie,
Tho' genius have regain'd the sky,
As setting Suns bequeath their beams,
Still splendid Thurlow's mem'ry seems;
Not that perfection was his own,
(That is the stamp of Heav'n alone:)
And on so bright a surface laid,
How soon are blemishes betray'd:
Then since his ashes peaceful sleep,
Let Mercy veil what Truth might weep.

Now Fancy wings a wider flight,
Where Beauty's beams flash on the sight,
Come, and the lovely vision trace,
An earthly form of heav'nly grace,
A sylphid being, half divine,
Adorn'd by all that's feminine,
Retiring, modest, angel *fair*,
Bewitching softness lingers there;
(Not but a lov'd and lovely maid,
May kill beneath a nut-brown shade;)

Norwood.

Nature, as if in wanton freak,
Bade roses bloom upon her cheek,
Teeth, orient pearls, contrasting grace,
The blushing brightness of her face,
Eyes, that volcanic hearts must move,
Beaming with tenderness and love,
And brighten'd with th' electric fire
Of spirit, feeling, chaste desire,
Yet 'clips'd with all their high pretence,
In radiant beams of brighter sense,
With all that culture can bestow,
To form and bless a Heav'n below:
Hail! beauty, bright heart regent still,
Enchantress of the captive will;
Will a misnomer still must be,
For man can't choose but worship thee.

Think of these scenes of ceaseless bloom,
The swelling treasures of earth's womb,
The enliv'ning glories of the light,
The flow'rets form'd to please the sight,
Pouring their fragrance on the gale,
To scent and purify the vale;

Norwood.

Th' ambrosial luxuries round us spread,
To nectar fountains freely led,
The choirs of air, to whom belong
To pour the melody of song,
The streams which musically roll,
To lull the ear and soothe the soul;
Think of the heart's capacious powrs,
Love, Joy, and Hope, to bless life's hours,
Think of the soul's ethereal frame,
Spark of the Source from whence she came,
Upwards with restless zeal she turns,
And man an embryo-seraph burns,
Then at HIS shrine with fervor fall,
The Origin and End of all.

FINIS.

Printed by W. SMITH, King Street, Long Acre

A

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Adam, Jno. Esq. Brick Court, Temple, 2 copies
Allen, S. Esq. Doctor's Commons
Ames, Jno. Esq. South Place, Herne Hill
Arabin, Wm. Esq. High Beech, 3 ditto
Arnold, Rev. Charles, Nazing Parsonage, 4 copies
Austin, James, Mr. Charlotte Terrace, Blackfriars Road

Bodle, Robt. Esq. Woolstan Hall, Chigwell
Bosanquet, ——, Esq. Broxburn Bury, 4 copies
Booth, Philip, Esq. Mangham Hill Park, 5 ditto
Bryant, A. U. Mr. Beech Street, Barbican
Bainbridge, Thos. Esq. Walthamstow
Brownless, ——, Esq. ditto
Benjamin, W. Mr. 39, Minories
Busk, Jacob, Esq. Chingford
Bullock, ——, Esq. Ongar, 5 copies
Buckstone, J. B. Mr. Canterbury Square, Southwark
Berry, James, Esq. Leonards Nazing
Boehm, Edm. Esq. St. James's Square
Banbury, W. Esq. Warlees Park, Waltham Abbey, 5 copies
By, Major, Waltham Cross, 2 ditto
Blundell, ——, Esq. Surgeon, Chiswell Street
Barnett, ——, Esq. Theobald's Park, Cheshunt
Bacchus, ——, Esq. Norwood

Clifford De, Hon. Dowager Lady, 2 copies
Collyer, Rev. W. B. D.D. F.A.S. Camberwell
Conyers, Rev. ——, Epping Parsonage
Chambers, R. J. Esq. High Beech, 2 copies
Corbyn, ——, Esq. Walthamstow
Chauncey, Mrs. Theobald's Park, Cheshunt, 2 copies
Capes, Mr. John, Enfield
Carter, Jos. Mr. Gwynn's Buildings, Islington
Carter, Mrs. and Miss Eliza, Ditto
Cardozo, Sam. Mr. Hackney
Custance, I. M. Mr. Bow Lane
Court, Chas. Mr. Albany Road, Surry, 2 copies
Cooper, Jno. Mr. Stratford

Duckett, Sir Geo. Bart, Roydon, 5 copies
Dillwyn, ——, Esq. Walthamstow
Drake, ——, Esq. Ditto
Duncombe, Esq. Sewardstone
Dunster, Richd. Mr. 49, Watling Street

Francis, Edwd. Esq. Farm Hill, Waltham Abbey
Farmer, ——, Esq. Woodford
Fellowes, ——, Esq. Ditto, 2 copies
Farrell, Misses, Clapton
Foster, ——, Esq. Theobald's Park, Cheshunt
Foster, ——, Walthamstow
Fry, ——, Esq. Stamford Hill

Grafton, Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of
Glenbervie, Rt. Hon. Lord, 3 copies
Gibbon, C. E. Mr. Gwynn's Buildings, City Road
Gould, Mr. 30, Aldersgate Street
Gringer, W. S. Esq. Walworth

Gardner, H. Esq. Norwood
Goodman, Mr. Duncan Terrace, Islington
Greaves, Miss, Tottenham Cross
Greaves, ——, Esq. Walthamstow
Goss, J. W. Esq. Ditto
Gregory, Mr. Academy, Edmonton

Hume, Sir Abm. Bart. M.P. Wormley Bury
Hughes, G. Rev. Walthamstow
Helme, Esq. Ditto
Hobson, W. Esq. Stamford Hill
Horsley, Capt. High Beech
Harman, ——, Esq. Theobald's Park, Cheshunt
Harman, ——, Esq. Woodford, 3 copies
Hunt, Mr. Widford, 2 copies
Haney, Mr. Hunsdon, 7 ditto
Howell, Miss Mary, Islington
Hale, Miss, Woodford
Henniker, Esq. Copped Hall Green, 2 copies
Haywood, Esq. Surgeon, Epping
Heygate, Wm. Esq. M.P. Aldermanbury
Hadwen, Jos. Mr. Crown Court, Cheapside
Hogg, ——, Esq. Bucklurst Hill, Loughton
Hanson, J. Esq. Woodford, 3 copies
Howell, A. H. Mr. Walworth
Hicks, W. Rev. Whittington
Hamilton, ——, Esq. Norwood
Hutchins, C. H. Mr. Hoxton Square
Holt, Thos. Esq. Commercial Road
Hersee, Henry, Mr. College Place, Peckham
Hodgson, Jno. Mr. Coleman Street

Inglis, James, Esq. Norwood, 4 copies

Jones, Rev. ——, Broxburne Vicarage
Jenks, James, Mr. South Lambeth Place
Inglish, B. H. Esq. Woodford, 2 ditto
Jay, Jno. Esq. Collegiate Academy, ditto
Jones, ——, Esq. Chingford
Ivatts, J. Mr. Gerrard's Hall, Basing Lane

Keys, Mr. Custom House, Deal, 2 copies
Knight, ——, Esq. Theobald's, Cheshunt
Kent, W. Esq. Carpenter's Hall, London Wall
King, S. I. Mr. Penton Place, Walworth
Kerrison, Mrs. New Burlington Street

Laurie, ——, Esq. Broxburne
Loddiges, Conrad, Mr. Hackney
Langmore, ——, Esq. Ditto, 2 copies
Lankester, ——, Esq. Norwood, 4 copies
Lake, Mrs. Hannah, Thoydon Hall, 6 ditto
Lake, Mr. Richard, Cripplegate
Lewis, Esq. Stamford Hill, 2 ditto
Lewis, Mr. Great Prescott Street

Maitland, ——, Esq. M.P. Woodford
Mellish, Mrs. Ditto
Mann, ——, Esq. Ditto
Mallard, Esq. Ditto
Miles, J. Esq. Cheshurst
Moore, R. Mr. Wardrobe Terrace, Doctor's Commons
Marshall, Wm. Mr. Clerkenwell
Mackenzie, Jas. Mr. Lambeth
Mills, Mr. Law Stationer, Carey Street
M——, Mr. Smithfield

Newcombe, Rev. Mr. Academy, Clapton, 2 copies
Newton, J. Esq. Chingford Green

Oakes, Mr. Academy, Woodford, 4 copies

Pearse, N. Esq. Debden Hall, 3 ditto
Peile, Miss, Tottenham Green
Powell, Edward, Mr. Excise Office
Podmore, ——, Esq. Chingford Hatch
Poupard, Miss, Edmonton
Pratt, Jno. Mr. James Street, Buckingham Gate, 2 copies
Peake, Dan. Mr. Addle Street
Peirce, J. Mr. Basing Lane
Patrick, T. C. Mr. Lloyd's Coffee House
Pugh, ——, Esq. Waltham Cross
Popplewell, J. Esq. Woodford
Price, W. Esq. Surgeon, Walthamstow
Phipps, J. Esq. River Terrace, Islington

Romilly, Sir Saml. Bart, M.P. 5 copies
Row, Wm, Esq. Tottenham, 2 ditto
Ricardo, ——, Esq. Chingford Hatch, 2 ditto
Rogers, H. Esq. Broxburne
Robinson, C. Esq. Friday Hill, Chingford
Raikes, J. M. Esq. Theobald's Park, Herts. 3 copies
Raikes, W. M. Esq. Walthamstow
Robinson, Esq. Ditto
Russell, Miss, Ditto
Robinson, Mrs. Woodford
Rogers, Mr. Spencer Row, Goswell Street Road

Silvester, Sir Jno. Bart. Yardley House, Chingford
Sparrow, Major, High Beech, 2 copies

Sotheby, Wm. Esq. Fair Mead Lodge, Loughton, 6 copies
Sewell, ——, Esq. Stamford Hill
S——, Mr. Leadenhall Street
Shaw, Mr. Academy, Edmonton
Snell, ——, Esq. Ditto
Scrutton, R. Esq. Mile End
Sandham, W. Esq. Cheshunt
South, Wm. Mr. R. N. Northampton Square
Spencer, ——, Esq. Islington
Strachan, Mr. R. Cheapside

Toulmin, W. Esq. Surgeon, Hackney
Twiss, R. T. Mr. Lloyd's Coffee House
Twentyman, Thos. Mr. Walthamstow
Thwaites, H. Esq. Camden Town
Thwaites, H. Esq. Euston Square
Tarrant, S. Esq. 8, Basing Lane, 6 copies

Underwood, H. Esq. Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square

Wigram, Sir Robt. Bart. Walthamstow
Wild, Mrs. Gloster Place, Portman Square, 3 copies
Wilks, Miss, ditto
Wetherhead, Mrs. Ditto, 2 copies
Williams, Rev. W. Academy, Edmonton
Wilson, Mr. Ditto
Williams, W. Mr. Collegiate School, High Beech, 5 copies
Webb, Jno. Esq. Buckingham Street, Adelphi, 10 copies
Wickens, Saml. Mr. Albany Road
Walford, Wm. Esq. High Beech, 3 ditto
Webster, Ridley Manning, Mr. 49, Watling Street
Wallis, Miss, Roydon, 3 ditto
Wallis, Mr. Geo. 2 ditto

Witherby, E. Esq. Waltham Cross
Warner, E. Esq. Walthamstow
Warner, T. C. Esq. Whifs Cross, ditto
Warren, ——, Esq. Woodford
Ward, Mr. Jos: Pentonville
Wharton, Mr. Thos. Birchin Lane

Yapp, Mr. White Lion Street

L J 133H

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

3 1158 01131 1908
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 081 744 5